INCOGNITA:

OR,

LOVE

AND

DUTY

RECONCIL'D.

A

NOVEL.

Licens'd Decemb. 22. 1691.

LONDON,

Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple*, near *Temple Bar* in *Fleet-street*, 1692.

INCOGNITA:

OR,

LOVE

AND

DUTY

RECONCILED.

A

NOVEL.

Entered 4th December, 22d, 1691.

LONDON,

Printed for Peter Buck, at the Sign of the Temple, near Temple Bar in Fleet-street, 1692.

TO THE

Honoured and Worthily Esteem'd

Mrs. *Katharine Leveſon*,

Madam,

A Clear Wit, ſound Judgment and a Merciful Diſpoſition, are things ſo rarely united, that it is almoſt inexcuſable to entertain them with any thing leſs excellent in

its kind. My knowledge of you were a sufficient Caution to me, to avoid your Censure of this Trifle, had I not as intire a knowledge of your Goodness. Since I have drawn my Pen for a Rencounter, I think it better to engage where, though there be Skill enough to Disarm me, there is too much Generosity to Wound; for

for so shall I have the saving Reputation of an unsuccessful Courage, if I cannot make it a drawn Battle. But methinks the Comparison intimates something of a Defiance, and savours of Arrogance; wherefore since I am Conscious to my self of a Fear which I cannot put off, let me use the Policy of Cowards and lay this Novel unarm'd,

naked and ſhivering at your Feet, ſo that if it ſhould want Merit to challenge Protection, yet, as an Object of Charity, it may move Compaſſion. It has been ſome Diverſion to me to Write it, I wiſh it may prove ſuch to you when you have an hour to throw away in Reading of it: but this Satisfaction I have at leaſt beforehand, that in its

greateſt failings it may fly for Pardon to that Indulgence which you owe to the weakneſs of your Friend; a Title which I am proud you have thought me worthy of, and which I think can alone be ſuperiour to that

Your moſt Humble and
Obliged Servant

CLEOPHIL.

The Dedication.

great failings it may
fly for Pardon to that
indulgence which you
owe to the weakness of
your Friend; a Title
which I am proud you
have thought me wor-
thy of, and which I
think can alone be a fu-

Your most Humble and
Obliged Servant

CLEOPHIL.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Reader,

SOME Authors are so fond of a Preface, that they will write one tho' there be nothing more in it than an Apology for its self. But to shew thee that I am not one of those, I will make no Apology for this, but do tell thee that I think it necessary to be prefix'd to this Trifle, to prevent thy over-

looking some little pains which I have taken in the Composition of the following Story. Romances are generally composed of the Constant Loves and invincible Courages of Hero's, Heroins, Kings and Queens, Mortals of the first Rank, and so forth; where lofty Language, miraculous Contingencies and impossible Performances, elevate and surprize the Reader into a giddy Delight, which leaves him flat upon the Ground whenever he gives of, and vexes him to think how he has suffer'd himself to be pleased and transported, concern'd and afflicted at the several Passages which he has Read, viz. these Knights Success to their Damosels Misfortunes, and such like, when he is forced to be very well convinced that 'tis all a lye. Novels are of a more familiar nature; Come near us,

and

and represent to us: Intrigues in practice, delight us with Accidents and odd Events, but not such as are wholly unusual or unpresidented, such which not being so distant from our Belief bring also the pleasure nearer us. Romances give more of Wonder, Novels more Delight. And with reverence be it spoken, and the Parallel kept at due distance, there is something of equality in the Proportion which they bear in reference to one another, with that between Comedy and Tragedy; but the Drama is the love extracted from Romance and History: 'tis the Midwife to Industry, and brings forth alive the Conceptions of the Brain. Minerva walks upon the Stage before us, and we are more assured of the real presence of Wit when it is delivered viva voce——

Segnius

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.——

Horace.

Since all Traditions must indisputably give place to the Drama, *and since there is no possibility of giving that life to the Writing or Repetition of a Story which it has in the Action, I resolved in another beauty to imitate* Dramatick *Writing, namely, in the Design, Contexture and Result of the Plot. I have not observed it before in a Novel. Some I have seen begin with an unexpected accident, which has been the only surprizing part of the Story, cause enough to make the Sequel*

look

look flat, tedious and insipid; for 'tis but reasonable the Reader should expect it not to rise, at least to keep upon a level in the entertainment: for so he may be kept on in hopes that at some time or other it may mend; but the rather is such a balk to a Man, 'tis carrying him up stairs to show him the Dining-Room, and after forcing him to make a Meal in the Kitchin. This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but also have used a method for the contrary purpose. The design of the Novel is obvious, after the first meeting of Aurelian and Hippolito with Incognita and Leonora, and the difficulty is in bringing it to pass, maugre all apparent obstacles, within the compass of two days. How many probable Casualties intervene in opposition to the main

Design,

Design, viz. of marrying two Couple so oddly engaged in an intricate Amour, I leave the Reader at his leisure to consider: As also whether every Obstacle does not in the progress of the Story act as subservient to that purpose, which at first it seems to oppose. In a Comedy this would be called the Unity of Action; here it may pretend to no more than an Unity of Contrivance. The Scene is continued in Florence *from the commencement of the Amour; and the time from first to last is but three days. If there be any thing more in particular resembling the Copy which I imitated (as the Curious Reader will soon perceive) I leave it to shew it self, being very well satisfy'd how much more proper it had been for him to have found out this himself, than for me to pre-*

possess

poſſeſs him with an Opinion of ſomething extraordinary in an Eſſay began and finiſhed in the idler hours of a fortnight's time: for I can only eſteem it a laborious idleneſs, which is Parent to ſo inconſiderable a Birth. I have gratified the Bookſeller in pretending an occaſion for a Preface; the other two Perſons concern'd are the Reader and my ſelf, and if he be but pleaſed with what was produced for that end, my ſatisfaction follows of courſe, ſince it will be proportion'd to his Approbation or Diſlike.

INCOGNITA:

INCOGNITA:

OR,

Love & Duty

RECONCIL'D.

AURELIAN was the only Son to a Principal Gentleman of *Florence*. The Indulgence of his Father prompted, and his Wealth enabled him, to beſtow a generous Education upon him, whom, he now began to look upon as the Type of himſelf; an Impreſſion he had made in the Gayety and Vigour of his Youth, before the Ruſt of Age had debilitated and obſcur'd the Splendour of the Original: He was ſenſible, That he ought not to be ſparing in the Adornment of him, if he had Reſo-

lution to beautifie his own Memory. Indeed *Don Fabio* (for ſo was the Old Gentleman call'd) has been obſerv'd to have fix'd his Eyes upon *Aurelian*, when much Company has been at Table, and have wept through Earneſtneſs of Intention, if nothing hapned to divert the Object; whether it were for regret, at the Recollection of his former ſelf, or for the Joy he conceiv'd in being, as it were, reviv'd in the Perſon of his Son, I never took upon me to enquire, but ſuppos'd it might be ſometimes one, and ſometimes both together.

Aurelian, at the Age of Eighteen Years, wanted nothing (but a Beard) that the moſt accompliſhed *Cavalier* in *Florence* could pretend to: he had been Educated from Twelve Years old at *Siena*, where it ſeems his Father kept a Receiver, having a large Income from the Rents of ſeveral Houſes in that Town. *Don Fabio* gave his Servant Orders, That *Aurelian* ſhould not be ſtinted in his Expences, when he came up to Years of Diſcretion. By which means he was enabled, not only to keep Company with, but alſo to confer many Obligations upon Strangers

of

of Quality, and Gentlemen who travelled from other Countries into *Italy*, of which *Siena* never wanted store, being a Town most delightfully Situate, upon a Noble Hill, and very well suiting with Strangers at first, by reason of the agreeableness and purity of the Air: There also is the quaintness and delicacy of the *Italian* Tongue most likely to be learned, there being many publick Professors of it in that place; and indeed the very Vulgar of *Siena* do express themselves with an easiness and sweetness surprizing, and even grateful to their Ears who understand not the Language.

Here *Aurelian* contracted an acquaintance with Persons of Worth of several Countries, but among the rest an intimacy with a Gentleman of Quality of *Spain*, and Nephew to the Archbishop of *Toledo*, who had so wrought himself into the Affections of *Aurelian*, through a Conformity of Temper, an Equality in Years, and something of resemblance in Feature and Proportion, that he look'd upon

him as his ſecond ſelf. *Hippolito*, on the other hand, was not ungrateful in return of Friendſhip, but thought himſelf either alone or in ill Company, if *Aurelian* were abſent: but his Uncle having ſent him to travel, under the Conduct of a Governour, and the two Years which limited his ſtay at *Siena* being expired, he was put in mind of his departure.

His Friend grew melancholy at the News, but conſidering that *Hippolito* had never ſeen *Florence*, he eaſily prevailed with him to make his firſt Journey thither, whither he would accompany him, and perhaps prevail with his Father to do the like throughout his Travels.

They accordingly ſet out, but not being able eaſily to reach *Florence* the ſame Night, they reſted a League or two ſhort, at a *Villa* of the great Duke's called *Poggio Imperiale*, where they were informed by ſome of his Highneſs's Servants, That the Nuptials of *Donna Catharina* (near Kinſwoman to the great Duke) and *Don Ferdinand*

dinand de Rovori, were to be solemnized the next day, and that extraordinary Preparations had been making for some time past, to illustrate the Solemnity with Balls and Masques, and other Divertisements; that a Tilting had been proclaimed, and to that purpose Scaffolds erected around the Spacious Court, before the Church *Di Santa Croce*, where were usually seen all Cavalcades and Shews, performed by Assemblies of the Young Nobility: That all Mechanicks and Tradesmen were forbidden to work or expose any Goods to Sale for the space of three days; during which time all Persons should be entertain'd at the Great Duke's Cost; and publick Provision was to be made for the setting forth and furnishing a multitude of Tables, with Entertainment for all Comers and Goers, and several Houses appointed for that use in all Streets.

This Account alarm'd the Spirits of our Young Travellers, and they were overjoy'd at the prospect of Pleasures

they foreſaw. *Aurelian* could not contain the ſatisfaction he conceiv'd in the welcome Fortune had prepar'd for his dear *Hippolito*. In ſhort, they both remembred ſo much of the pleaſing Relation had been made them, that they forgot to ſleep, and were up as ſoon as it was light, pounding at poor Signior *Claudio*'s Door (ſo was *Hippolito*'s Governour call'd) to rouſe him, that no time might be loſt till they were arriv'd at *Florence*, where they would furniſh themſelves with Diſguiſes and other Accoutrements neceſſary for the Proſecution of their Deſign of ſharing in the publick Merriment; the rather were they for going ſo early becauſe *Aurelian* did not think fit to publiſh his being in Town for a time, leaſt his Father knowing of it, might give ſome reſtraint to that looſe they deſign'd themſelves.

Before Sun riſe they entred *Florence* at *Porta Romana*, attended only by two Servants, the reſt being left behind to avoid notice; but, alas! they needed

needed not to have uſed half that caution; for early as it was, the Streets were crowded with all ſorts of People paſſing to and fro, and every Man employ'd in ſomething relating to the Diverſions to come; ſo that no notice was taken of any body; a Marqueſs and his Train might have paſs'd by as unregarded as a ſingle Fachin or Cobler. Not a Window in the Streets but echoed the tuning of a Lute or thrumming of a Gitarr: for, by the way, the Inhabitants of *Florence* are ſtrangely addicted to the love of Muſick, inſomuch that ſcarce their Children can go, before they can ſcratch ſome Inſtrument or other. It was no unpleaſing Spectacle to our Cavaliers (who, ſeeing they were not obſerv'd, reſolv'd to make Obſervations) to behold the Diverſity of Figures and Poſtures of many of theſe Muſicians. Here you ſhould have an affected Vallet, who, Mimick'd the Behaviour of his Maſter, leaning carelefly againſt the Window, with his

Head on one ſide, in a languiſhing Poſture, whining, in a low, mournful Voice, ſome diſmal Complaint; while, from his ſympathizing *Theorbo*, iſſued a Baſe no leſs doleful to the Hearers. In Oppoſition to him was ſet up perhaps a Cobler, with the wretched Skeleton of a Gitarr, battered and waxed together by his own Induſtry, and who with three Strings out of Tune, and his own tearing hoarſe Voice, would rack attention from the Neighbourhood, to the great affliction of many more moderate Practitioners, who, no doubt, were full as deſirous to be heard. By this time *Aurelian*'s Servant had taken a Lodging and was returned, to give his Maſter an Account of it. The Cavaliers grown weary of that ridiculous Entertainment, which was diverting at firſt ſight, retired whither the Lacquey conducted them; who, according to their Directions, had ſought out one of the moſt obſcure Streets in the City. All that day, to the evening, was ſpent in ſending from

one

one Brokers Shop to another, to furniſh them with Habits, ſince they had not time to make any new.

There was, it happened, but one to be got Rich enough to pleaſe our young Gentlemen, ſo many were taken up upon this occaſion. While they were in Diſpute and Complementing one another, (*Aurelian* proteſting that *Hippolito* ſhould wear it, and he, on 'tother hand, forſwearing it as bitterly) a Servant of *Hippolito*'s came up and ended the Controverſie; telling them, That he had met below with the *Vallet de Chambre* of a Gentlemen, who was one of the greateſt Gallants about the Town, but was at this time in ſuch a condition he could not poſſibly be at the Entertainment; whereupon the Vallet had deſigned to dreſs himſelf up in his Maſter's Apparel, and try his talent at Court; which he hearing, told him he would inform him how he might beſtow the Habit for ſome time much more to his profit if not to his pleaſure, ſo acquainted him with

the occasion his Master had for it. *Hippolito* sent for the Fellow up, who was not so fond of his design as not to be bought off it, but upon having his own demand granted for the use of it, brought it; it was very Rich, and upon tryal, as fit for *Hippolito* as if it had been made for him. The Ceremony was performed in the Morning, in the great Dome, with all magnificence correspondent to the wealth of the great Duke, and the esteem he had for the Noble Pair. The next Morning was to be a Tilting, and the same Night a Masquing Ball at Court. To omit the Description of the universal Joy, (that had diffus'd it self through all the Conduits of Wine, which convey'd it in large measures to the People) and only relate those effects of it which concern our present Adventurers. You must know, that about the fall of the Evening, and at that time when the *equilibrium* of Day and Night, for some time, holds the Air in a gloomy suspence between an unwil-

willingneſs to leave the light, and a natural impulſe into the Dominion of darkneſs. About this time our Hero's, ſhall I ſay, ſally'd or ſlunk out of their Lodgings, and ſteer'd toward the great Palace, whither, before they were arrived, ſuch a prodigious number of Torches were on fire, that the day, by help of theſe Auxiliary Forces, ſeem'd to continue its Dominion; the Owls and Bats apprehending their miſtake, in counting the hours, retir'd again to a convenient darkneſs; for Madam Night was no more to be ſeen than ſhe was to be heard; and the Chymiſts were of Opinion, That her fuliginous Damps rarefy'd by the abundance of Flame, were evaporated.

Now the Reader I ſuppoſe to be upon Thorns at this and the like impertinent Digreſſions, but let him alone and he'll come to himſelf; at which time I think fit to acquaint him, that when I degreſs, I am at that time writing to pleaſe my ſelf, when I continue the Thread of the

Story,

Story, I write to pleaſe him; ſuppoſing him a reaſonable Man, I conclude him ſatisfied to allow me this liberty, and ſo I proceed.

If our Cavaliers were dazled at the ſplendour they beheld without doors, what ſurprize, think you, muſt they be in, when entering the Palace they found even the lights there to be but ſo many foils to the bright eyes that flaſh'd upon 'em at every turn.

A more glorious Troop no occaſion ever aſſembled; all the fair of *Florence*, with the moſt accompliſhed Cavaliers, were preſent; and however Nature had been partial in beſtowing on ſome better Faces than others, Art was alike indulgent to all, and induſtriouſly ſupplyed thoſe Defects ſhe had left, giving ſome Addition alſo to her greateſt Excellencies. Every body appear'd well ſhap'd, as it is to be ſuppoſed, none who were conſcious to themſelves of any viſible Deformity would preſume to come thither. Their Apparel was equally glorious, though each

each differing in fancy. In ſhort, our Strangers were ſo well bred, as to conclude from theſe apparent Perfections, that there was not a Maſque which did not at leaſt hide the Face of a Cherubim. Perhaps the Ladies were not behind hand in return of a favourable Opinion of them: for they were both well dreſs'd, and had ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in their Air and Mien, different from other People, and indeed differing from one another. They fanſy'd that while they ſtood together they were more particularly taken notice of than any in the Room, and being unwilling to be taken for Strangers, which they thought they were, by reaſon of ſome whiſpering they obſerved near them. They agreed upon an hour of meeting after the company ſhould be broke up, and ſo ſeparately mingled with the thickeſt of the Aſſembly. *Aurelian* had fixed his eye upon a Lady whom he had obſerv'd to have been a conſiderable time in

cloſe

cloſe whiſper with another Woman; he expected with great impatience the reſult of that private Conference, that he might have an opportunity of engaging the Lady whoſe Perſon was ſo agreeable to him. At laſt he perceived they were broke off, and the 'tother Lady ſeem'd to have taken her leave. He had taken no ſmall pains in the mean time to put himſelf in a poſture to accoſt the Lady, which, no doubt, he had happily performed had he not been interrupted; but ſcarce had he acquitted himſelf of a preliminary bow (and which, I have heard him ſay, was the loweſt that ever he made) and had juſt opened his Lips to deliver himſelf of a ſmall Complement, which, nevertheleſs he was very big with, when he unluckily miſcarried, by the interpoſal of the ſame Lady, whoſe departure, not long before, he had ſo zealouſly-pray'd for: but, as Providence would have it, there was only ſome very ſmall matter forgot, which was recovered in a ſhort whiſper.

whisper. The Coast being again cleared, he took heart and bore up, and, striking sail, repeated his Ceremony to the Lady; who, having obligingly returned it, he accosted her in these or the like words:

'If I do not usurp a privilege reserved for some one more happy 'in your acquaintance, may I presume, Madam, to entreat (for a 'while) the favour of your Conversation, at least till the arrival of 'whom you expect, provided you 'are not tired of me before; for then 'upon the least intimation of uneasiness, I will not fail of doing my 'self the violence to withdraw for 'your release. The Lady made him answer, she did not expect any body; by which he might imagine her Conversation not of value to be bespoke, and to afford it him, were but farther to convince him to her own cost. He reply'd, 'She had already said enough to convince him of 'something he heartily wished might 'not be to his cost in the end. She

pretended

pretended not to understand him; but told him, 'If he already found 'himself grieved with her Conver-'sation, he would have sufficient rea-'son to repent the rashness of his 'first Demand before they had ended: 'for that now she intended to hold 'discourse with him, on purpose to 'punish his unadvisedness, in pre-'suming upon a Person whose dress 'and mien might not (may be) be 'disagreeable to have wit. I must 'confess (reply'd *Aurelian*) my self 'guilty of a Presumption, and wil-'lingly submit to the punishment you 'intend: and though it be an ag-'gravation of a Crime to persevere 'in its justification, yet I cannot help 'defending an Opinion in which now 'I am more confirm'd, that proba-'ble conjectures may be made of the 'ingenious Disposition of the Mind, 'from the fancy and choice of Ap-'parel. The humour I grant ye (said the Lady) 'or constitution of 'the Person whether melancholick or 'brisk; but I should hardly pass my

'censure

'cenſure upon ſo ſlight an indica-
'tion of wit: for there is your brisk
'fool as well as your brisk man of
'ſenſe, and ſo of the melancholick.
'I confeſs 'tis poſſible a fool may re-
'veal himſelf by his Dreſs, in wear-
'ing ſomething extravagantly ſingu-
'lar and ridiculous, or in prepoſte-
'rous ſuiting of colours; but a decency
'of Habit (which is all that Men of
'beſt ſenſe pretend to) may be ac-
'quired by cuſtom and example, with-
'out putting the Perſon to a ſuper-
'fluous expence of wit for the con-
'trivance; and though there ſhould
'be occaſion for it, few are ſo un-
'fortunate in their Relations and Ac-
'quaintance not to have ſome Friend
'capable of giving them advice, if
'they are not too ignorantly con-
'ceited to ask it. *Aurelian* was ſo
pleaſed with the eaſineſs and ſmart-
neſs of her Expoſtulation, that he for-
got to make a reply, when ſhe
ſeem'd to expect it; but being a
Woman of a quick Apprehenſion, and
juſtly ſenſible of her own Perfections,

ſhe

ſhe ſoon perceived he did not grudge his attention. However ſhe had a mind to put it upon him to turn the diſcourſe, ſo went on upon the ſame Subject. 'Signior (ſaid ſhe) I 'have been looking round me, and 'by your Maxim I cannot diſcover 'one fool in the Company; for they 'are all well dreſt. This was ſpoken 'with an Air of Rallery that awakened 'the Cavalier, who immediately made anſwer: ''Tis true, Madam, we ſee 'there may be as much variety of 'good fancies as of faces, yet there 'may be many of both kinds bor-'rowed and adulterate if inquired 'into; and as you were pleaſed to 'obſerve, the invention may be Fo-'reign to the Perſon who puts it in 'practice; and as good an Opinion 'as I have of an agreeable Dreſs, I 'ſhould be loth to anſwer for the 'wit of all about us. I believe you '(ſays the Lady) and hope you are 'convinced of your error, ſince you 'muſt allow it impoſſible to tell who 'of all this Aſſembly did or did not

'make

'make choice of their own Apparel.
'Not all (ſaid *Aurelian*) there is an
'ungainneſs in ſome which betrays
'them. Look ye there (ſays he)
'pointing to a Lady who ſtood
'playing with the Taſſels of her
'Girdle, I dare anſwer for that La-
'dy, though ſhe be very well dreſs'd,
''tis more than ſhe knows. His fair
'unknown could not forbear laughing
'at his particular diſtinction, and
'freely told him, he had indeed light
'upon one who knew as little as
'any body in the Room, her ſelf
'excepted. Ah! Madam, (reply'd
'*Aurelian*) you know every thing in
'the World but your own Perfecti-
'ons, and you only know not thoſe,
'becauſe 'tis the top of Perfection
'not to know them. How? (re-
'ply'd the Lady) I thought it had
'been the extremity of knowledge
'to know ones ſelf. *Aurelian* had a
'little over-ſtrain'd himſelf in that
'Complement, and I am of Opini-
'on would have been puzzl'd to
'have brought himſelf off readily:

'but by good fortune the Muſick 'came into the Room and gave him 'an opportunity to ſeem to decline 'an anſwer, becauſe the company 'prepared to dance: he only told 'her he was too mean a Conqueſt for 'her wit who was already a Slave to 'the Charms of her Perſon. She 'thanked him for his Complement, 'and briskly told him ſhe ought to 'have made him a return in praiſe 'of his wit, but ſhe hoped he was 'a Man more happy than to be 'diſſatisfy'd with any of his own En-'dowments; and if it were ſo, that 'he had not a juſt Opinion of him-'ſelf, ſhe knew her ſelf incapable of 'ſaying any thing to beget one. *Aurelian* did not know well what to make of this laſt reply; for he al-ways abhor'd any thing that was con-ceited, with which this ſeem'd to reproach him. But however modeſt he had been heretofore in his own thoughts, yet never was he ſo di-ſtruſtful of his good behaviour as now, being rally'd ſo by a Perſon whom

whom he took to be of judgment: Yet he reſolved to take no notice, but with an Air unconcerned and full of good humour entreated her to Dance with him: She promiſed him to Dance with no body elſe, nor I believe had ſhe inclination; for notwithſtanding her tartneſs, ſhe was upon equal terms with him as to the liking of each others Perſon and Humour, and only gave thoſe little hints to try his Temper; there being certainly no greater ſign of folly and ill breeding, than to grow ſerious and concerned at any thing ſpoken in rallery: for his part, he was ſtrangely and inſenſibly fallen in love with her Shape, Wit and Air; which, together with a white Hand, he had ſeen (perhaps not accidentally) were enough to have ſubdued a more ſtubborn Heart than ever he was maſter of; and for her Face, which he had not ſeen, he beſtowed upon her the beſt his Imagination could furniſh him with. I ſhould by right now deſcribe her Dreſs, which

was

was extreamly agreeable and rich, but 'tis possible I might err in some material Pin or other, in the sticking of which may be the whole grace of the Drapery depended. Well, they danced several times together, and no less to the satisfaction of the whole Company, than of themselves; for at the end of each Dance, some publick note of Applause or other was given to the graceful Couple.

Aurelian was amaz'd, that among all that danced or stood in view he could not see *Hippolito*; but concluding that he had met with some pleasing Conversation, and was withdrawn to some retired part of the Room, he forbore his search till the mirth of that Night should be over, and the Company ready to break up, where we will leave him for a while, to see what became of his adventurous Friend.

Hippolito, a little after he had parted with *Aurelian*, was got among a knot of Ladies and Cavaliers, who were looking upon a large Gold Cup

set

ſet with Jewels, in which his Royal Highneſs had drank to the Proſperity of the new married Couple at Dinner, and which afterward he preſented to his Couſin *Donna Catharina*. He among the reſt was very intent, admiring the richneſs, workmanſhip and beauty of the Cup, when a Lady came behind him and pulling him by the Elbow, made a ſign ſhe would ſpeak with him; *Hippolito*, who knew himſelf an utter Stranger to *Florence* and every body in it, immediately gueſſed ſhe had miſtaken him for her acquaintance, as indeed it happened; however he reſolved not to diſcover himſelf till he ſhould be aſſured of it; having followed her into a ſet Window remote from Company, ſhe addreſs'd her ſelf to him in this manner: 'Signior 'Don Lorenzo (ſaid ſhe) I am over-'joy'd to ſee you are ſo ſpeedily re-'covered of your Wounds, which by 'report were much more dangerous 'than to have ſuffered your coming a-'broad ſo ſoon; but I muſt accuſe 'you of great indiſcretion, in ap-

'pear-

'pearing in a Habit which ſo many 'muſt needs remember you to 'have worn upon the like occaſion 'not long ago, I mean at the Marri-'age of *Don Cynthio* with your Siſter '*Atalanta*; I do aſſure you, you were 'known by it, both to *Juliana* and my 'ſelf, who was ſo far concerned for 'you, as to deſire me to tell you, that 'her Brother *Don Fabritio* (who ſaw 'you when you came in with another 'Gentleman) had eyed you very nar-'rowly, and is ſince gone out of the 'Room, ſhe knows not upon what de-'ſign; however ſhe would have you, 'for your own ſake, be adviſed and 'circumſpect when you depart this 'place, leſt you ſhould be ſet upon 'unawares; you know the hatred '*Don Fabritio* has born you ever ſince 'you had the fortune to kill his Kinſ-'man in a Duel: Here ſhe pauſed 'as if expecting his reply; but *Hip-'polito* was ſo confounded, that he 'ſtood mute, and contemplating the 'hazard he had ignorantly brought 'himſelf into, forgot his deſign of

'informing

'informing the Lady of her mistake. She finding he made her no Answer, went on. 'I perceive (continued she) 'you are in some surprize at what I 'have related, and may be, are doubt-'ful of the Truth; but I thought 'you had been better acquainted with 'your Cousin *Leonara*'s Voice, than 'to have forgot it so soon: Yet in 'Complaisance to your ill Memory, I 'will put you past doubt, by shewing 'you my Face; with that she pulled off her Mask, and discovered to *Hippolito* (now more amaz'd than ever) the most Angelick Face that he had ever beheld. He was just about to have made her some answer, when, clapping on her Mask again without giving him time, she happily for him pursu'd her Discourse. (For 'tis odds but he had made some discovery of himself in the surprize he was in.) Having taken him familiarly by the Hand, now she had made her self known to him, 'Cou-'sin *Lorenza* (added she) you may 'perhaps have taken it unkindly, that,

'during the time of your indiſpoſition,
'by reaſon of your Wounds, I have
'not been to viſit you; I do aſſure you
'it was not for want of any Inclina-
'tion I had both to ſee and ſerve you
'to my power; but you are well ac-
'quainted with the Severity of my
'Father, whom you know how late-
'ly you have diſobliged. I am mighty
'glad that I have met with you here,
'where I have had an Opportunity to
'tell you what ſo much concerns your
'Safety, which I am afraid you will
'not find in *Florence*; conſidering the
'great Power *Don Fabritio* and his Fa-
'ther, the Marqueſs of *Viterbo*, have
'in this City. I have another thing
'to inform you of, That whereas *Don*
'*Fabio* had intereſted himſelf in your
'Cauſe, in Oppoſition to the Marqueſs
'of *Viterbo*, by reaſon of the long A-
'nimoſity between them, all hopes of
'his Countenance and Aſſiſtance are
'defeated: For there has been a Pro-
'poſal of Reconciliation made to
'both Houſes, and it is ſaid it will be
'confirm'd (as moſt ſuch ancient

'Quarrels

'Quarrels are at last) by the Marriage 'of *Juliana* the Marques's Daughter, 'with *Aurelian*, Son to *Don Fabio*: to 'which effect the old Gentleman sent 'tother Day to *Siena*, where *Aure-* 'lian has been Educated, to hasten his 'coming to Town; but the Messen- 'ger returning this Morning, brought 'word, That the same day he ar- 'riv'd at *Siena*, *Aurelian* had set out 'for *Florence*, in Company with a 'young *Spanish* Nobleman, his inti- 'mate Friend; so it is believ'd, they 'are both in Town, and not unlikely 'in this Room in Masquerade.

Hippolito could not forbear smiling to himself, at these last words. For ever since the naming of *Don Fabio* he had been very attentive; but be- fore, his Thoughts were wholly taken up with the Beauty of the Face he had seen, and from the time she had taken him by the Hand, a succes- sive warmth and chillness had play'd about his Heart, and surpriz'd him with an unusual Transport. He was in a hundred Minds, whether

he ſhould make her ſenſible of her Error or no; but conſidering he could expect no farther Conference with her after he ſhould diſcover himſelf, and that as yet he knew not of her place of abode, he reſolv'd to humour the miſtake a little further. Having her ſtill by the Hand, which he ſqueez'd ſomewhat more eagerly than is uſual for Couſins to do, in a low and undiſtinguiſhable Voice, he let her know how much he held himſelf obliged to her, and avoiding as many words as handſomely he could, at the ſame time, entreated her to give him her Advice, toward the management of himſelf in this Affair. *Leonora*, who never from the beginning had entertain'd the leaſt Scruple of diſtruſt, imagined he ſpoke faintly, as not being yet perfectly recovered in his ſtrength; and withal conſidering that the heat of the Room, by reaſon of the Crowd, might be uneaſie to a Perſon in his Condition; ſhe kindly told him, That if he were as inclinable to diſpenſe with the remainder

mainder of that Nights Diverſion as ſhe was, and had no other engagement upon him, by her conſent they ſhould both ſteal out of the Aſſembly, and go to her Houſe, where they might with more freedom diſcourſe about a buſineſs of that importance, and where he might take ſomething to refreſh himſelf if he were (as ſhe conceiv'd him to be) indiſpoſed with his long ſtanding. Judge you whether the Propoſal were acceptable to *Hippolito* or no; he had been ruminating with himſelf how to bring ſomething like this about, and had almoſt deſpair'd of it; when of a ſuddain he found the ſucceſs of his deſign had prevented his own endeavours. He told his Couſin in the ſame key as before, That he was unwilling to be the occaſion of her Divorce from ſo much good Company; but for his own part, he was afraid he had preſumed too much upon his recovery in coming abroad ſo ſoon, and that he found himſelf ſo unwell, he feared he ſhould be quick-

ly forc'd to retire. *Leonora* ſtay'd not to make him any other reply, only tipp'd him upon the Arm, and bid him follow her at a convenient diſtance to avoid Obſervation.

Whoever had ſeen the Joy that was in *Hippolito*'s Countenance, and the Sprightlineſs with which he follow'd his Beautiful Conductreſs, would ſcarce have taken him for a Perſon griev'd with uncured Wounds. She led him down a back pair of Stairs, into one of the Palace Gardens which had a Door opening into the Piazza, not far from where *Don Mario* her Father lived. They had little Diſcourſe by the way, which gave *Hippolito* time to conſider of the beſt way of diſcovering himſelf. A thouſand things came into his Head in a minute, yet nothing that pleaſed him: and after ſo many Contrivances as he had formed for the diſcovery of himſelf, he found it more rational for him not to reveal himſelf at all that Night, ſince he could not foreſee what effect the ſurprize would have,

ſhe

ſhe muſt needs be in, at the appearance of a Stranger, whom ſhe had never ſeen before, yet whom ſhe had treated ſo familiarly. He knew Women were apt to ſhriek or ſwoon upon ſuch Occaſions, and ſhould ſhe happen to do either, he might be at a loſs how to bring himſelf off. He thought he might eaſily pretend to be indiſpoſed ſomewhat more than ordinary, and ſo make an excuſe to go to his own Lodging. It came into his Head too, that under pretence of giving her an account of his Health, he might enquire of her the means how a Letter might be convey'd to her the next morning, wherein he might inform her gently of her miſtake, and inſinuate ſomething of that Paſſion he had conceiv'd, which he was ſure he could not have opportunity to ſpeak of if he bluntly revealed himſelf. He had juſt reſolv'd upon this Method, as they were come to the great Gates of the Court, when *Leonora* ſtopping to let him go in before her, he of a ſuddain fetch'd his Breath violently as if

ſome ſtitch or twinging ſmart had juſt then aſſaulted him. She enquired the matter of him, and adviſed him to make haſte into the Houſe that he might ſit down and reſt him. He told her he found himſelf ſo ill, that he judged it more convenient for him to go home while he was in a condition to move, for he fear'd if he ſhould once ſettle himſelf to reſt he might not be able to ſtir. She was much troubled, and would have had a Chair made ready and Servants to carry him home; but he made anſwer, he would not have any of her Fathers Servants know of his being abroad, and that juſt now he had an interval of eaſe, which he hop'd would continue till he made a ſhift to reach his own Lodgings. Yet if ſhe pleaſed to inform him how he might give an account of himſelf the next morning, in a line or two, he would not fail to give her the thanks due to her great kindneſs; and withal, would let her know ſomething which would not a little ſurprize her, though now he had

had not time to acquaint her with it. She ſhow'd him a little Window at the corner of the Houſe, where one ſhould wait to receive his Letter, and was juſt taking her leave of him, when ſeeing him ſearch haſtily in his Pocket, ſhe ask'd him if he miſs'd any thing; he told her he thought a Wound which was not throughly heal'd bled a little, and that he had loſt his Handkerchief. His deſign took; for ſhe immediately gave him hers: which indeed accordingly he apply'd to the only would he was then griev'd with; which though it went quite through his Heart, yet thank God was not Mortal. He was not a little rejoyc'd at his good Fortune in getting ſo early a Favour from his Miſtreſs, and notwithſtanding the violence he did himſelf to perſonate a ſick Man, he could not forbear giving ſome Symptoms of an extraordinary content; and telling her that he did not doubt to receive a conſiderable Proportion of eaſe from the Application of what had ſo often kiſs'd her

fair Hand. *Leonora* who did not ſuſpect the Compliment, told him ſhe ſhould be heartily glad if that or any thing in her power might contribute to his recovery; and wiſhing him well home, went into her Houſe, as much troubled for her Couſin as he was joyful for his Miſtreſs.

Hippolito as ſoon as ſhe was gone in, began to make his Remarks about the Houſe, walking round the great Court, viewing the Gardens and all the Paſſages leading to that ſide of the Piazza. Having ſufficiently informed himſelf, with a Heart full of Love, and a Head full of Stratagem, he walked toward his Lodging, impatient till the arrival of *Aurelian* that he might give himſelf vent. In which interim, let me take the liberty to digreſs a little, and tell the Reader ſomething which I do not doubt he has apprehended himſelf long ago, if he be not the dulleſt Reader in the World; yet only for orders ſake, let me tell him I ſay, That a young Gentleman (Couſin to the aforeſaid *Don Fabritio*).

britio) happened one night to have ſome words at a Gameing Houſe with one *Lorenzo*, which created a Quarrel of fatal Conſequence to the former, who was killed upon the Spot, and likely to be ſo to the latter, who was very deſperately wounded.

Fabritio being much concerned for his Kinſman, vow'd revenge (according to the ancient and laudable cuſtom of *Italy*) upon *Lorenzo* if he ſurviv'd, or in caſe of his death (if it ſhould happen to anticipate that, much more ſwinging Death which he had in ſtore for him) upon his next of Kin, and ſo to deſcend Lineally like an *Engliſh* Eſtate, to all the Heirs Males of his Family. This ſame *Fabritio* had indeed (as *Leonora* told *Hippolito*) taken particular notice of him from his firſt entrance into the Room, and was ſo far doubtful as to go out immediately himſelf, and make enquiry concerning *Lorenzo*, but was quickly inform'd of the greatneſs of his Error, in believing a Man to be abroad, who was ſo ill of his Wounds, that

that they now deſpair'd of his recovery; and thereupon return'd to the Ball very well ſatisfied, but not before *Leonora* and *Hippolito* were departed.

So, Reader, having now diſcharg'd my Conſcience of a ſmall Diſcovery which I thought my ſelf obliged to make to thee, I proceed to tell thee, that our Friend *Aurelian* had by this time danced himſelf into a Net which he neither could, nor which is worſe deſired to untangle.

His Soul was charm'd to the movement of her Body: an Air ſo graceful, ſo ſweet, ſo eaſie and ſo great, he had never ſeen. She had ſomething of Majeſty in her, which appear'd to be born with her; and though it ſtruck an awe into the Beholders, yet was it ſweetned with a familiarity of Behaviour, which rendred it agreeable to every Body. The grandeur of her Mien was not ſtiff, but unſtudied and unforced, mixed with a ſimplicity; free, yet not looſe nor affected. If the former ſeem'd to condeſcend, the

latter

latter ſeem'd to aſpire; and both to unite in the centre of Perfection. Every turn ſhe gave in dancing ſnatcht *Aurelian* into a Rapture, and he had like to have been out two or three times with following his Eyes, which ſhe led about as Slaves to her Heels.

As ſoon as they had done dancing, he began to complain of his want of Breath and Lungs, to ſpeak ſufficiently in her Commendation; She ſmilingly told him, he did ill to dance ſo much then: Yet in Conſideration of the pains he had taken more than ordinary upon her account, ſhe would bate him a great deal of Complement, but with this Proviſo, That he was to diſcover to her who he was. *Aurelian* was unwilling for the preſent to own himſelf to be really the Man he was; when a ſuddain thought came into his Head to take upon him the Name and Character of *Hippolito*, who he was ſure was not known in *Florence*. He thereupon, after a little pauſe, pretended to recal himſelf in this manner:

'Madam,

'Madam, it is no ſmall demonſtrati-
'on of the entire Reſignation which I
'have made of my Heart to your
'Chains, ſince the ſecrets of it are no
'longer in my power. I confeſs I on-
'ly took *Florence* in my way, not de-
'ſigning any longer Reſidence, than
'ſhould be requiſite to inform the Cu-
'rioſity of a Traveller, of the rareties
'of the Place. Whether Happineſs
'or Miſery will be the Conſequence of
'that Curioſity, I am yet in fear, and
'ſubmit to your Determination; but
'ſure I am, not to depart *Florence* till
'you have made me the moſt miſera-
'ble Man in it, and refuſe me the fa-
'tal Kindneſs of Dying at your Feet.
'I am by Birth a *Spaniard*, of the City
'of *Toledo*; my name *Hippolito di Sa-*
'*violina*: I was yeſterday a Man free,
'as Nature made the firſt; to day I
'am fallen into a Captivity, which
'muſt continue with my Life, and
'which, it is in your power, to make
'much dearer to me. Thus in obe-
'dience to your Commands, and con-
'trary to my Reſolution of remaining

'un-

'unknown in this place, I have in-
'form'd you, Madam, what I am;
'what I ſhall be, I deſire to know
'from you; at leaſt, I hope, the free
'diſcovery I have made of my ſelf,
'will encourage you to truſt me with
'the knowledge of your Perſon.

Here a low bow, and a deep ſigh, put an end to his Diſcourſe, and ſignified his Expectation of her Reply, which was to this purpoſe—— (But I had forgot to tell you, That *Aurelian* kept off his Mask from the time that he told her he was of *Spain*, till the period of his Relation.) 'Had I
'thought (ſaid ſhe) that my Curio-
'ſity would have brought me in debt,
'I ſhould certainly have forborn it;
'or at leaſt have agreed with you be-
'fore hand about the rate of your
'diſcovery, then I had not brought
'my ſelf to the Inconveniency of be-
'ing cenſur'd, either of too much
'eaſineſs or reſervedneſs; but to a-
'void, as much as I can, the extreami-
'ty of either, I am reſolv'd but to
'diſcover my ſelf in part, and will

'en-

'endeavour to give you as little occa-
'sion as I can, either to boaſt of, or
'ridicule the Behaviour of the Women
'of *Florence* in your Travels.

Aurelian interrupted her, and ſwore very ſolemnly (and the more heartily, I believe, becauſe he then indeed ſpoke truth) that he would make *Florence* the place of his abode, whatever concerns he had elſewhere. She adviſed him to be cautious how he ſwore to his Expreſſions of Gallantry; and farther told him ſhe now hoped ſhe ſhould make him a return to all the Fine Things he had ſaid, ſince ſhe gave him his choice whether he would know whom ſhe was, or ſee her Face.

Aurelian who was really in Love, and in whom Conſideration would have been a Crime, greedily embrac'd the latter, ſince ſhe aſſured him at that time he ſhould not know both. Well, what follow'd? Why, ſhe pull'd off her Maſk, and appear'd to him at once in the Glory of Beauty. But who can tell the aſtoniſhment *Aurelian* felt? He was for a time ſenſeleſs; Admiration

tion had ſuppreſs'd his Speech, and his Eyes were entangled in Light. In ſhort, to be made ſenſible of his condition, we muſt conceive ſome Idea of what he beheld, which is not to be imagined till ſeen, nor then to be expreſs'd. Now ſee the impertinence and conceitedneſs of an Author, who will have a fling at a Deſcription, which he has Prefaced with an impoſſibility. One might have ſeen ſomething in her Compoſition reſembling the Formation of *Epicurus* his World, as if every Atome of Beauty had concurr'd to unite an excellency. Had that curious Painter lived in her days, he might have avoided his painful ſearch, when he collected from the choiceſt pieces the moſt choice Features, and by a due Diſpoſition and Judicious Symmetry of thoſe exquiſite parts, made one whole and perfect *Venus*. Nature ſeem'd here to have play'd the Plagiary, and to have molded into Subſtance the moſt refined Thoughts of inſpired Poets. Her Eyes diffus'd Rays comfortable

as

as warmth, and piercing as the light; they would have worked a paſſage through the ſtraighteſt Pores, and with a delicious heat, have play'd about the moſt obdurate frozen Heart, untill 'twere melted down to Love. Such Majeſty and Affability were in her Looks; ſo alluring, yet commanding was her Preſence, that it mingled awe with love; kindling a Flame which trembled to aſpire. She had danced much, which, together with her being cloſe masked, gave her a tincture of Carnation more than ordinary. But *Aurelian* (from whom I had every tittle of her Deſcription) fancy'd he ſaw a little Neſt of Cupids break from the Treſſes of her Hair, and every one officiouſly betake himſelf to his task. Some fann'd with their downy Wings, her glowing Cheeks; while others bruſh'd the balmy Dew from off her Face, leaving alone a heavenly Moiſture blubbing on her Lips, on which they drank and revell'd for their pains; Nay, ſo particular were their allotments in her

her ſervice, that *Aurelian* was very poſitive a young Cupid who was but juſt Pen-feather'd, employ'd his naked Quills to pick her Teeth. And a thouſand other things his tranſport repreſented to him, which none but Lovers who have experience of ſuch Viſions will believe.

As ſoon as he awaked and found his Speech come to him, he employ'd it to this effect:

'Tis enough that I have ſeen a 'Divinity — Nothing but Mercy can 'inhabit theſe Perfections — Their 'utmoſt rigour brings a Death pre-'ferable to any Life, but what they 'give — Uſe me, Madam, as you 'pleaſe; for by your fair ſelf, I can-'not think a Bliſs beyond what now I 'feel — You Wound with Pleaſure, 'and if you Kill it muſt be with 'Tranſport — Ah! Yet methinks 'to live — O Heaven! to have 'Life pronounced by thoſe Bleſs'd 'Lips — Did they not inſpire where 'they command, it were an immedi-'ate Death of Joy.

Aurelian

Aurelian was growing a little too loud with his Admiration, had ſhe not juſt then interrupted him, by clapping on her Maſque, and telling him they ſhould be obſerved, if he proceeded in his Extravagance; and withal, that his Paſſion was too ſuddain to be real, and too violent to be laſting. He replied, Indeed it might not be very laſting, (with a ſubmiſſive mournful Voice) but it would continue during his Life. That it was ſuddain, he denied, for ſhe had raiſed it by degrees from his firſt ſight of her, by a continued diſcovery of Charms, in her Mien and Converſation, till ſhe thought fit to ſet Fire to the Train ſhe had laid, by the Lightning of her Face; and then he could not help it, if he were blown up.

He begg'd her to believe the Sincerity of his Paſſion, at leaſt to enjoin him ſomething, which might tend to the Convincing of her Incredulity. She ſaid, ſhe ſhould find a time to make ſome Trials of him; but for the firſt, ſhe charged him not to follow

or

or obſerve her, after the Diſſolution of the Aſſembly. He promiſed to obey, and entreated Her to tell him but her Name, that he might have Recourſe to that in his Affliction for her Abſence, if he were able to ſurvive it. She deſired him to live by all means; and if he muſt have a Name to play with, to call her *Incognita*, till he were better informed.

The Company breaking up, ſhe took her leave, and at his earneſt Entreaty, gave him a ſhort Viſion of her Face; which, then dreſs'd in an obliging ſmile, cauſed another fit of Tranſport, which laſted till ſhe was gone out of Sight. *Aurelian* gathered up his Spirits, and walked ſlowly towards his Lodging, never remembring that he had loſt *Hippolito*, till upon turning the Corner of a Street, he heard a noiſe of Fighting; and coming near, ſaw a Man make a vigorous Defence againſt two, who preſſed violently upon him. He then thought of *Hippolito*, and fancying he ſaw the glimmering of Diamond Buttons,

tons, such as *Hippolito* had upon the Sleeves of his Habit, immediately drew to his Assistance; and with that Eagerness and Resolution, that the Assailants, finding their unmanly odds defeated, took to their Heels. The Person rescued by the Generous Help of *Aurelian*, came toward him; but as he would have stoop'd to have saluted him, dropp'd, fainting at his feet. *Aurelian*, now he was so near him, perceiv'd plainly *Hippolito*'s Habit, and step'd hastily to take him up. Just as some of the Guards (who were going the Rounds, apprehensive of such Disorders in an Universal Merriment) came up to him with Lights, and had taken Prisoners the Two Men, whom they met with their Swords drawn; when looking in the Face of the Wounded Man, he found it was not *Hippolito*, but his Governour *Claudio*, in the Habit he had worn at the Ball. He was extreamly surpriz'd, as were the Prisoners, who confess'd their Design to have been upon *Lorenzo*; grounding their Mistake

ſtake upon the Habit which was known to have been his. They were Two Men who formerly had been Servants to him, whom *Lorenzo* had unfortunately ſlain.

They made a ſhift to bring *Claudio* to himſelf; and part of the Guard carrying off the Priſoners, whom *Aurelian* deſired they would ſecure, the reſt accompanied him bearing *Claudio* in their Arms to his Lodging. He had not patience to forbear asking for *Hippolita* by the Way; whom *Claudio* aſſured him, he had left ſafe in his Chamber, above Two Hours ſince. That his coming Home ſo long before the Divertiſements were ended, and Undreſſing himſelf, had given him the Unhappy Curioſity, to put on his Habit, and go to the Ballace; in his Return from whence, he was ſet upon in the Manner he found him, which if he recovered, he muſt own his Life indebted to his timely Aſſiſtance.

Being

Being come to the House, they carried him to his Bed, and having sent for Surgeons *Aurelian* rewarded and dismissed the Guard. He stay'd the dressing of *Clandio*'s Wounds, which were many, though they hop'd none Mortal: and leaving him to his Rest, went to give *Hippolito* an Account of what had happened, whom he found with a Table before him, leaning upon both his Elbows, his Face covered with his Hands, and so motionless, that *Aurelian* concluded he was asleep; seeing several Papers lie before him, half written and blotted out again, he thought to steal softly to the Table, and discover what he had been employed about. Just as he reach'd forth his Hand to take up one of the Papers, *Hippolito* started up so on the suddain, as surpriz'd *Aurelian* and made him leap back; *Hippolito*, on the other hand, not supposing that any Body had been near him, was so disordered with the Appearance of a Man at his Elbow, (whom his Amazement did not permit

mit him to distinguish) that he leap'd hastily to his Sword, and in turning him about, overthrew the Stand and Candles. Here were they both left in the Dark, *Hippolito* groping about with his Sword, and thrusting at every Chair that he felt oppose him. *Aurelian* was scarce come to himself, when thinking to step back toward the Door that he might inform his Friend of his Mistake, without exposing himself to his blind Fury; *Hippolito* heard him stir, and made a full thrust with such Violence, that the Hilt of the Sword meeting with *Aurelian*'s Breast beat him down, and *Hippolito* a top of him, as a Servant alarm'd with the noise, came into the Chamber with a Light. The Fellow trembled, and thought they were both Dead, till *Hippolito* raising himself, to see whom he had got under him, swoon'd away upon the discovery of his Friend. But such was the extraordinary Care of Providence in directing the Sword, that it only past under his Arm, giving no Wound to

Aurelian, but a little Bruiſe between his Shoulder and Breaſt with the Hilt. He got up, ſcarce recovered of his Fright, and by the help of the Servant laid *Hippolito* upon the Bed; who when he was come to himſelf could hardly be perſwaded, that his Friend was before him and alive, till he ſhew'd him his Breaſt, where was nothing of a Wound. *Hippolito* begg'd his Pardon a Thouſand Times, and curs'd himſelf as often, who was ſo near to committing the moſt Execrable Act of Amicide.

They diſmiſs'd the Fellow, and with many Embraces, congratulated their fortunate Delivery from the Miſchief which came ſo near them, each blaming himſelf as the Occaſion: *Aurelian* accuſing his own unadviſedneſs in ſtealing upon *Hippolito*; *Hippolito* blaming his own temerity and weakneſs, in being ſo eaſily frighted to Diſorder; and laſt of all, his blindneſs, in not knowing his deareſt Friend. But there he gave a Sigh, and paſſionately taking *Aurelian* by the

the Hand, cry'd, Ah! my Friend, Love is indeed blind, when it would not suffer me to see you ——— There arose another Sigh; a Sympathy seiz'd *Aurelian* immediately: (For, by the Way, sighing is as catching among Lovers, as yawning among the Vulgar.) Beside hearing the Name of Love, made him fetch such a Sigh, that *Hippolito*'s were but Fly-blows in Comparison, that was answered with all the Might *Hippolito* had, *Aurelian* ply'd him close till they were both out of Breath.

Thus not a Word pass'd, though each wondred why the t'other sigh'd, at last concluded it to be only Complaisance to one another.

Aurelian broke the Silence, by telling him the Misfortune of his Governour. *Hippolito* rejoic'd as at the luckiest Accident which could have befall'n him. *Aurelian* wondred at his unseasonable Mirth, and demanded the Cause of it; he answer'd, It would necessitate his longer Stay in *Florence*, and for ought he knew be

the Means of bringing a happy Period to his Amour.

His Friend thought him to be little better than a Mad-man, when he perceiv'd him of a ſuddain ſnatch out of his Boſom a Handkerchief, which having kiſs'd with a great deal of Ardour, he took *Aurelian* by the Hand, and ſmiling at the Surprize he ſaw him in;

'Your *Florentine Cupid* is certainly (ſaid he) 'the moſt Expert in the 'World. I have ſince I ſaw you be-'held the moſt Beautiful of Women. 'I am faln deſperately in Love with 'her, and thoſe Papers which you ſee 'ſo blotted and ſcattered, are but ſo 'many Eſſays which I have made to 'the Declaration of my Paſſion. And 'this Handkerchief which I ſo zea-'louſly Careſs, is the Ineſtimable To-'ken which I have to make my ſelf 'known to her. O *Leonora!* (con-tinued he) 'how haſt thou ſtamp'd 'thine Image on my Soul! How much 'dearer am I to my ſelf, ſince I have 'had thy Heavenly Form in keeping!

'Now,

'Now, my *Aurelian*, I am worthy 'thee; my exalted Love has Dignified me, and rais'd me far above thy 'poor former Despicable *Hippolito*.

Aurelian seeing the Rapture he was in, thought it in vain to expect a settled Relation of the Adventure, so was reaching to the Table for some of the Papers, but *Hippolito* told him, If he would have a little patience he would acquaint him with the whole Matter; and thereupon told him Word for Word how he was mistaken for *Lorenzo*, and his Management of himself. *Aurelian* commended his Prudence, in not discovering himself; and told him, If he could spare so much time from the Contemplation of his Mistress, he would inform him of an Adventure, though not so Accidental, yet of as great Concern to his own future Happiness. So related all that had happened to him with his Beautiful *Incognita*.

Having ended the Story, they began to consider of the Means they were to use toward a Review of their

Miſtreſſes. *Aurelian* was Confounded at the Difficulty he conceived on his Part. He underſtood from *Hippolito*'s Adventure, that his Father knew of his being in Town, whom he muſt unavoidably Diſoblige if he yet conceal'd himſelf, and Diſobey if he came into his Sight; for he had already entertain'd an Averſion for *Juliana*, in apprehenſion of her being Impoſed on him. His *Incognita* was rooted in his Heart, yet could he not Comfort himſelf with any Hopes when he ſhould ſee her: He knew not where ſhe lived, and ſhe had made him no Promiſe of a ſecond Conference. Then did he repent his inconſiderate Choice, in preferring the momentary Viſion of her Face, to a certain Intelligence of her Perſon. Every thought that ſucceeded diſtracted him, and all the Hopes he could preſume upon, were within compaſs of the Two Days Merriment yet to come; for which Space he hop'd he might excuſe his remaining conceal'd to his Father.

Hippolito on the other ſide (though *Aurelian* thought him in a much better Way) was no leſs afflicted for himſelf. The Difficulties which he ſaw in his Friend's Circumſtances, put him upon finding out a great many more in his own, than really there were. But what terrified him moſt of all, was his being an utter Stranger to *Leonora*; ſhe had not the leaſt knowledge of him but through miſtake, and conſequently could form no Idea of him to his Advantage. He look'd upon it as an unlucky thought in *Aurelian* to take upon him his Name, ſince poſſibly the Two Ladies were acquainted, and ſhould they communicate to each other their Adventures, they might both reaſonably ſuffer in their Opinions, and be thought guilty of Falſhood, ſince it would appear to them as One Perſon pretending to Two. *Aurelian* told him, there was but one Remedy for that, which was for *Hippolito*, in the ſame Manner that he had done, to make uſe of his Name, when he writ to *Leonora*, and

uſe what Arguments he could to perſwade her to Secrecy, leaſt his Father ſhould know of the Reaſon which kept him concealed in Town. And it was likely, though perhaps ſhe might not immediately entertain his Paſſion; yet ſhe would out of Generoſity conceal, what was hidden only for her ſake.

Well this was concluded on, after a great many other Reaſons uſed on either Side, in favour of the Contrivance; they at laſt argued themſelves into a Belief, that Fortune had befriended them with a better Plot, than their regular Thinking could have contriv'd. So ſoon had they convinc'd themſelves, in what they were willing to believe.

Aurelian laid himſelf down to reſt, that is, upon the Bed; for he was a better Lover than to pretend to ſleep that Night, while *Hippolito* ſet himſelf again to frame his Letter deſign'd for *Leonora*. He writ ſeveral, at laſt pitched upon one, and very probably the worſt, as you may gueſs when you read it in its proper Place. It

It was break of Day when the Servant, who had been employed all the foregoing Day in procuring Accouterments for the Two Cavaliers, to appear in at the Tilting, came into the Room, and told them all the Young Gentlemen in the Town were trying their Equipage, and preparing to be early in the Lists. They made themselves ready with all Expedition at the Alarm: And *Hippolito* having made a Visit to his Governour, dispatch'd a Messenger with the Letter and Directions to *Leonora*. At the Signal agreed upon the Casement was opened and a String let down, to which the Bearer having fastned the Letter, saw it drawn up, and returned. It were a vain attempt to describe *Leonora*'s Surprize, when she read the Superscription. —— *The Unfortunate* Aurelian, *to the Beautiful* Leonora —— After she was a little recovered from her Amaze, she recollected to her self all the Passages between her and her supposed Cousin, and immediately concluded him to be

Aurelian. Then several little Circumstances which she thought might have been sufficient to have convinced her, represented themselves to her; and she was in a strange Uneasiness to think of her free Carriage to a Stranger.

She was once in a Mind to have burn'd the Letter, or to have stay'd for an Opportunity to send it again. But she was a Woman, and her Curiosity opposed it self to all thoughts of that Nature: at length with a firm Resolution, she opened it, and found Word for Word, what is underwritten.

The Letter.

MADAM,

IF your fair Eyes, upon the breaking up of this, meet with somewhat too quick a Surprize, make thence, I beseech you, some reflection

flection upon the Condition I must needs have been in, at the ſuddain Appearance of that Sun of Beauty, which at once ſhone ſo full upon my Soul. I could not immediately diſengage my ſelf from that Maze of Charms, to let you know how unworthy a Captive your Eyes had made through miſtake. Sure, Madam, you cannot but remember my Diſorder, of which your Innocent (Innocent, though perhaps to me Fatal) Error made a Charitable (but wide) Conſtruction. Your Tongue purſued the Victory of your Eyes, and you did not give me time to rally my poor Diſordered Senſes, ſo as to make a tolerable Retreat. Pardon, Madam, the Continuation of the Deceipt, and call it not ſo, that I appear'd to be other than my ſelf; for Heaven knows I was not then my ſelf, nor am I now my own.

You

You told me ſomething that concern'd me nearly, as to a Marriage my Father deſign'd me, and much more nearly in being told by you. For Heaven's ſake, diſcloſe not to any Body your Knowledge of me, that I may not be forced to an immediate Act of Diſobedience; for if my future Services and inviolate Love, cannot recommend me to your Favour, I ſhall find more comfort in the cold Embraces of a Grave, than in the Arms of the never ſo much admired (but by me dreaded) Juliana. *Think, Madam, of thoſe ſevere Circumſtances I lie under; and withal I beg you, think it is in your Power, and only in your Power, to make them happy as my Wiſhes, or much more miſerable than I am able to imagine. That dear, ineſtimable (though undeſign'd) Favour which I receiv'd from*

from you, shall this Day distinguish me from the Crowd of your Admirers; that which I really applied to my inward bleeding Wound, the welcom Wound which you have made, and which, unless from you, does wish no Cure; then pardon and have pity on, O Adored Leonora, *him, who is your's by Creation as he is Heavens, though never so unworthy. Have pity on*

Your

Aurelian.

She read the Letter over and over, then flung it by, then read it again; the Novelty of the Adventure made her repeat her Curiosity, and take more than ordinary Pains to understand it. At last her Familiarity with the Expressions grew to an Intimacy, and

and what she at first permitted she now began to like. She thought there was something in it a little more serious, than to be barely Gallantry. She wondred at her own Blindness, and fancy'd she could remember something of a more becoming Air in the Stranger than was usual to *Lorenzo*. This thought was parent to another of the same kind, till a long Chain successively had Birth, and every one somewhat more than other, in Favour of the supposed *Aurelian*. She reflected upon his Discretion, in deferring the Discovery of himself, till a little time had, as it were, weaned her from her perswasion, and by removing her farther from her Mistake, had prepared her for a full and determinate Convincement. She thought his Behaviour, in personating a Sick Man so readily, upon the first hint was not amiss, and smil'd to think of his Excuse to procure her Handkerchief; and last of all, his sifting out the Means to write to her, which he had done with that Modesty and

Respect,

Reſpect, ſhe could not tell how to find fault with it.

She had proceeded thus far in a maze of Thought, when ſhe ſtarted to find her ſelf ſo loſt to her Reaſon, and would have trod back again that path of deluding Fancy; accuſing her ſelf of Fondneſs, and inconſiderate Eaſineſs, in giving Credit to the Letter of a Perſon whoſe Face ſhe never ſaw, and whoſe firſt Acquaintance with her was a Treachery, and he who could ſo readily deliver his Tongue of a Lye upon a Surprize, was ſcarce to be truſted when he had ſufficient Time allow'd him to beget a Fiction, and Means to perfect the Birth.

How did ſhe know this to be *Aurelian*, if he were? Nay farther, put it to the Extremity, What if ſhe ſhould upon farther Converſation with him proceed to Love him? What Hopes were there for her? Or how could ſhe conſent to Marry a Man already Deſtined for another Woman? nay, a Woman that was her Friend, whoſe Marrying with him was to compleat

the

the happy Reconciliation of Two Noble Families, and which might prevent the Effusion of much Blood likely to be shed in that Quarrel: Besides, she should incurr share of the Guilt, which he would draw upon him by Disobedience to his Father, whom she was sure would not be consenting to it.

'Tis strange now, but all Accounts agree, that just here *Leonora*, who had run like a violent Stream against *Aurelian* hitherto, now retorted with as much precipitation in his Favour. I could never get any Body to give me a satisfactory Reason, for her suddain and dextrous Change of Opinion just at that stop, which made me conclude she could not help it; and that Nature boil'd over in her at that time when it had so fair an Opportunity to show it self: For *Leonora* it seems was a Woman Beautiful, and otherwise of an excellent Disposition; but in the Bottom a very Woman. This last Objection, this Opportunity of perswading Man to Disobedience, determined

termined the Matter in Favour of *Aurelian*, more than all his Excellencies and Qualifications, take him as *Aurelian*, or *Hippolito*, or both together.

Well, the Spirit of Contradiction and of *Eve* was ſtrong in her; and ſhe was in a fair Way to Love *Aurelian*, for ſhe lik'd him already; that it was *Aurelian* ſhe no longer doubted, for had it been a Villain, who had only taken his Name upon him for any ill Deſigns, he would never have ſlip'd ſo favourable an Opportunity as when they were alone, and in the Night coming through the Garden and broad Space before the Piazza. In ſhort, thus much ſhe reſolv'd, at leaſt to conceal the Knowledge ſhe had of him, as he had entreated her in his Letter, and to make particular Remarks of his Behaviour that Day in the Liſts, which ſhould it happen to Charm her with an abſolute liking of his Perſon, ſhe reſolv'd to dreſs her ſelf to the beſt Advantage, and muſtering up all her Graces, out of pure

pure Revenge to kill him down right.

I would not have the Reader now be impertinent, and look upon this to be force, or a whim of the Author's, that a Woman ſhould proceed ſo far in her Approbation of a Man whom ſhe never ſaw, that it is impoſſible, therefore ridiculous to ſuppoſe it. Let me tell ſuch a Critick, that he knows nothing of the Sex, if he does not know that a Woman may be taken with the Character and Deſcription of a Man, when general and extraordinary, that ſhe may be prepoſſeſs'd with an agreeable Idea of his Perſon and Converſation; and though ſhe cannot imagine his real Features, or manner of Wit, yet ſhe has a general Notion of what is call'd a fine Gentleman, and is prepar'd to like ſuch a one who does not diſagree with that Character. *Aurelian*, as he bore a very fair Character, ſo was he extreamly deſerving to make it good, which otherways might have been to his prejudice; for oftentimes, through an

an imprudent Indulgence to our Friends merit, we give so large a Description of his excellencies, that People make more room in their Expectation, than the Intrinsick worth of the Man will fill, which renders him so much the more despicable as there is emptyness to spare. 'Tis certain, though the Women seldom find that out; for though they do not see so much in a Man as was promised, yet they will be so kind to imagine he has some hidden excellencies which time may discover to them, so are content to allow him a considerable share of their esteem, and take him into Favour upon Tick. *Aurelian* as he had good Credit, so he had a good Stock to support it, and his Person was a good promising Security for the payment of any Obligation he could lie under to the Fair Sex. *Hippolito*, who at this time was our *Aurelian*, did not at all lessen him in appearing for him: So that although *Leonora* was indeed mistaken, she could not be said to be much in the wrong. I could

find

find in my Heart to beg the Reader's pardon for this Digreſſion, if I thought he would be ſenſible of the Civility; for I promiſe him, I do not intend to do it again throughout the Story, though I make never ſo many, and though he take them never ſo ill. But becauſe I began this upon a bare Suppoſition of his Impertinence, which might be ſomewhat impertinent in me to ſuppoſe I do, and hope to make him amends by telling him, that by the time *Leonora* was dreſs'd, ſeveral Ladies of her acquaintance came to accompany her to the place deſigned for the Tilting, where we will leave them drinking Chocholate till 'tis time for them to go.

Our Cavaliers had by good Fortune provided themſelves of two curious Suits of light Armour, finely enammelled and gilt. *Hippolito* had ſent to *Poggio Imperiale* for a couple of fine led Horſes which he had left there with the reſt of his Train at his entrance into *Florence*. Mounted on theſe and every way well Equipt, they took

took their way, attended only by two Lacqueys, toward the Church *di Santa Croce*, before which they were to perform their Exercises of Chivalry. *Hippolito* wore upon his Helm a large Plume of Crimson Feathers, in the midst of which was artificially placed *Leonora*'s Handkerchief. His Armour was gilt, and enammell'd with Green and Crimson. *Aurelian* was not so happy as to wear any token to recommend him to the notice of his Mistress, so had only a Plume of Sky-colour and White Feathers, suitable to his Armour, which was Silver enammelled with Azure. I shall not describe the Habits of any other Cavaliers, or of the Ladies; let it suffice to tell the Reader they were all very Fine and very Glorious, and let him dress them in what is most agreeable to his own Fancy.

Our Gallants entred the Lists, and having made their Obeysance to his Highness, turned round to salute and view the Company. The Scaffold was circular, so that there was no

end

end of the Delightful Prospect. It seem'd a Glory of Beauty which shone around the admiring Beholders. Our Lovers soon perceived the Stars which were to Rule their Destiny, which sparkled a lustre beyond all the inferiour Constellations, and seem'd like two Suns to distribute Light to all the Planets in that Heavenly Sphere. *Leonora* knew her Slave by his Badge and blushed till the Lilies and Roses in her Cheeks had resemblance to the Plume of Crimson and White Handkerchief in *Hippolito*'s Creſt. He made her a low bow, and reined his Horse back with an extraordinary Grace, into a respectful retreat. *Aurelian* saw his Angel, his beautiful *Incognita*, and had no other way to make himself known to her, but by saluting and bowing to her after the *Spanish* mode; she guess'd him by it to be her new Servant *Hippolito*, and signified her apprehension, by making him a more particular and obliging return, than to any of the Cavaliers who had saluted her before.

The

The Exercise that was to be perform'd was in general a running at the Ring; and afterwards two Cavaliers undertook to defend the Beauty of *Donna Catharina*, against all who would not allow her preheminence of their Mistresses. This thing was only designed for show and form, none presuming that any body would put so great an affront upon the Bride and Duke's Kinswoman, as to dispute her pretentions to the first place in the Court of *Venus*. But here our Cavaliers were under a mistake; for seeing a large Shield carry'd before two Knights, with a Lady painted upon it; not knowing who, but reading the Inscription which was (in large Gold Letters) *Above the Insolence of Competition.* They thought themselves obliged, especially in the presence of their Mistresses, to vindicate their Beauty; and were just spurring on to engage the Champions, when a Gentleman stopping them, told them their mistake, that it was the Picture of *Donna Catharina*, and a particular

particular Honour done to her by his Highneſs's Commands, and not to be diſputed. Upon this they would have returned to their Poſt, much concerned for their miſtake; but notice being taken by *Don Ferdinand* of ſome Show of Oppoſition that was made, he would have begged leave of the Duke, to have maintained his Lady's Honour againſt the Inſolence of thoſe Cavaliers; but the Duke would by no means permit it. They were arguing about it when one of them came up, before whom the Shield was born, and demanded his Highneſs's Permiſſion, to inform thoſe Gentlemen better of their miſtake, by giving them the Foyl. By the Interceſſion of *Don Ferdinand*, leave was given them; whereupon a Civil Challenge was ſent to the two Strangers, informing them of their Error, and withal telling them they muſt either maintain it by force of Arms, or make a publick acknowledgment by riding bare headed before the Picture once round the Liſts. The

Stranger

Stranger-Cavaliers remonstrated to the Duke how sensible they were of their Error, and though they would not justifie it, yet they could not decline the Combate, being prest to it beyond an honourable refusal. To the Bride they sent a Complement, wherein, having first begg'd her pardon for not knowing her Picture, they gave her to understand, that now they were not about to dispute her undoubted right to the Crown of Beauty, but the honour of being her Champions was the Prize they sought for, which they thought themselves as able to maintain as any other Pretenders. Wherefore they pray'd her, that if fortune so far befriended their endeavours as to make them Victors, that they might receive no other Reward, but to be crown'd with the Titles of their Adversaries, and be ever after esteem'd as her most humble Servants. The excuse was so handsomely designed, and much better exprest than it is here, that it took effect. The Duke

Don Ferdinand and his Lady were so well satisfied with it as to grant their Request.

While the running at the Ring lasted, our Cavaliers alternately bore away great share of the Honour. That Sport ended, Marshals were appointed for the Field, and every thing in great form settled for the Combat. The Cavaliers were all in good earnest, but orders were given to bring 'em blunted Lances, and to forbid the drawing of a Sword upon pain of his Highness's Displeasure. The Trumpets sounded and they began their Course: The Ladies Hearts, particularly the *Incognita* and *Leonora*'s, beat time to the Horses Hoofs, and hope and fear made a mock fight within their tender Breasts; each wishing and doubting success where she lik'd: But as the generality of their Prayers were for the graceful Strangers, they accordingly succeeded. *Aurelian*'s Adversary was unhorsed in the first Encounter, and *Rinaldo*'s lost both his Stirrups and dropt his

Lance

Lance to save himself. The Honour of the Field was immediately granted to them, and *Donna Catharina* sent them both Favours, which she pray'd them to wear as her Knights. The Crowd breaking up, our Cavaliers made a shift to steal off unmarked, save by the watchful *Leonora* and *Incognita*, whose Eyes were never off from their respective Servants. There was enquiry made for them, but to no purpose; for they to prevent their being discovered had prepared another House, distant from their Lodging, where a Servant attended to disarm them, and another carried back their Horses to the *Villa*, while they walked unsuspected to their Lodging; but *Incognita* had given command to a Page to dog 'em till the Evening, at a distance, and bring her word where they were lateſt housed.

While several Conjectures pass'd among the Company, who were all gone to Dinner at the Palace, who those Cavaliers should be, *Don Fabio* thought himself the only Man able to

guess; for he knew for certain that his Son and *Hippolito* were both in Town, and was well enough pleased with his humour of remaining *Incognito* till the Diversions should be over, believing then that the surprize of his Discovery would add much to the Gallantry he had shown in Masquerade; but hearing the extraordinary liking that every body express'd, and in a particular manner, the great Duke himself, to the Persons and Behaviour of the unknown Cavaliers, the Old Gentleman could not forbear the Vanity to tell his Highness, that he believed he had an interest in one of the Gentlemen, whom he was pleased to honour with so favourable a Character; and told him what reason he had to believe the one to be his Son, and the other a *Spanish* Nobleman, his Friend.

This discovery having thus got vent, was diffused like Air; every body suck'd it in, and let it out again with their Breath to the next they met withal; and in half an hours time it was

was talked of in the House where our Adventurers were lodged. *Aurelian* was stark mad at the News, and knew what search would be immediately made for him. *Hippolito*, had he not been desperately in Love, would certainly have taken Horse and rid out of Town just then; for he could make no longer doubt of being discovered, and he was afraid of the just Exceptions *Leonora* might make to a Person who had now deceived her twice. Well, we will leave them both fretting and contriving to no purpose, to look about and see what was done at the Palace, where their doom was determined much quicker than they imagined.

Dinner ended, the Duke retired with some chosen Friends to a Glass of Wine; among whom were the Marquess of *Viterbo* and *Don Fabio*. His Highness was no Stranger to the long Fewd that had been between the two Families, and also understood what Overtures of Reconciliation had been lately made, with the Proposals of

Marriage between *Aurelian* and the Marquess's Daughter. Having waited till the Wine had taken the effect proposed, and the Company were raised to an uncommon pitch of Chearfulness, which he also encouraged by an Example of Freedom and Good Humour, he took an opportunity of rallying the two grave Signiors into an Accommodation: That was seconded with the praises of the young Couple, and the whole Company joined in a large Encomium upon the Graces of *Aurelian* and the Beauties of *Juliana*. The old Fellows were tickled with Delight to hear their Darlings so admired, which the Duke perceiving, out of a Principle of Generosity and Friendship, urged the present Consummation of the Marriage; telling them there was yet one day of publick Rejoycing to come, and how glad he should be to have it improved by so acceptable an Alliance; and what an honour it would be to have his Cousin's Marriage attended by the Conjunction of so extraordinary a Pair, the

per-

performance of which Ceremony would crown the Joy that was then in Agitation, and make the last day vie for equal Glory and Happiness with the first. In short, by the Complaisant and Persuasive Authority of the Duke, the *Dons* were wrought into a Compliance, and accordingly embraced and shook Hands upon the Matter. This News was diligently fled like the former, and *Don Fabio* gave orders for the enquiring out his Son's Lodging, that the Marquess and he might make him a Visit, as soon as he had acquainted *Violante* with his purpose, that she might prepare her self. He found her very chearful with *Donna Catharina* and several other Ladies; whereupon the old Gentleman, pretty well warmed with the Duke's Good-fellowship, told her aloud he was come to crown their Mirth with another Wedding; that his Highness had been pleased to provide a Husband for his Daughter, and he would have her provide her self to receive him to morrow. All the Company at first, as

well as *Juliana* her self, thought he had rally'd, till the Duke coming in confirmed the serious part of his Discourse. *Juliana* was confounded at the haste that was imposed on her, and desired a little time to consider what she was about. But the Marquess told her, he would have all the rest of her Life to consider it, that *Aurelian* should come and consider with her in the Morning, if she pleased; but in the mean time, he advised her to go Home and call her Maids to Counsel.

Juliana took her leave of the Company very gravely, as if not much delighted with her Father's Raillery. *Leonora* happened to be by, and heard all that passed; she was ready to swoon, and found her self seized with a more violent Passion than ever for *Aurelian*: Now upon her apprehensions of losing him, her active fancy had brought him before her with all the advantages imaginable, and though she had before found great tenderness in her Inclination toward him, yet was she some-

what

what surprized to find she really lov'd him. She was so uneasie at what she had heard, that she thought it convenient to steal out of the presence and retire to her Closet, to bemoan her unhappy helpless Condition.

Our Two Cavalier-Lovers had rack'd their Invention till it was quite disabled, and could not make discovery of one Contrivance more for their Relief. Both sat silent, each depending upon his Friend, and still expecting when t'other should speak. Night came upon them while they sate thus thoughtless, or rather drowned in Thought; but a Servant bringing Lights into the Room awakened them: And *Hippolito*'s Speech, usher'd by a profound Sigh, broke Silence.

'Well! (said he) what must we 'do, *Aurelian*? We must suffer, replied *Aurelian* faintly. When immediately raising his Voice, he cry'd out, 'Oh ye unequal Powers, why do ye 'urge us to desire what ye doom us to 'forbear; give us a Will to chuse, 'then curb us with a Duty to restrain

'what Choice! Cruel Father, Will
'nothing else suffice? Am I to be the
'Sacrifice to expiate your Offences
'past, past ere I was born? Were I
'to lose my Life, I'd gladly Seal
'your Reconcilement with my Blood.
'But Oh my Soul is free, you have no
'Title to my Immortal Being, that
'has Existence independent of your
'Power; and must I lose my Love,
'the Extract of that Being, the Joy,
'Light, Life, and Darling of my
'Soul? No, I'll own my Flame, and
'plead my Title too. —— But hold,
'wretched *Aurelian*, hold, whither
'does thy Passion hurry thee? Alas!
'the cruel fair *Incognita* Loves thee
'not! She knows not of thy Love! If
'she did, what Merit hast thou to pre-
'tend? —— Only Love. —— Ex-
'cess of Love. And all the World
'has that. All that have seen her. Yet
'I had only seen her once, and in that
'once I lov'd above the World; nay,
'lov'd beyond my self, such vigorous
'Flame, so strong, so quick she dar-
'ted at my Breast; it must rebound,

'and

'and by Reflection, warm her self.
'Ah welcome Thought, lovely de-
'luding Fancy, hang still upon my
'Soul, let me but think, that once
'she Loves and perish my Despair.

Here a sudden stop gave a Period also to *Hippolito*'s Expectation, and he hoped now that his Friend had given his Passion so free a vent, he might recollect and bethink himself of what was convenient to be done; but *Aurelian*, as if he had mustered up all his Spirits purely to acquit himself of that passionate Harangue, stood mute and insensible like an Alarum Clock, that had spent all its force in one violent Emotion. *Hippolito* shook him by the Arm to rouze him from his Lethargy, when his Lacquey coming into the Room, out of Breath, told him there was a Coach just stopp'd at the Door, but he did not take time to see who came in it. *Aurelian* concluded immediately it was his Father in quest of him; and without saying any more to *Hippolito*, than that he was Ruined if discovered, took his Sword and

slipp'd

slipp'd down a back pair of Stairs into the Garden, from whence he conveyed himself into the Street. *Hippolito* had not bethought himself what to do, before he perceiv'd a Lady come into the Chamber close veil'd, and make toward him. At the first Appearance of a Woman, his Imagination flattered him with a Thought of *Leonora*; but that was quickly over upon nearer Approach to the Lady, who had much the Advantage in Stature of his Mistress. He very civilly accosted her, and asked, If he were the Person to whom the Honour of that Visit was intended. She said, her Business was with *Don Hippolito di Saviolina*, to whom she had Matter of Concern to import, and which required haste. He had like to have told her, That he was the Man, but by good Chance reflecting upon his Friend's Adventure, who had taken his name, he made Answer, that he believed *Don Hippolito* not far off, and if she had a Moments Patience he would enquire for him.

He

diverse out, leaving the Lady in the Room, and made search all round the House and Garden for *Aurelian*, but to no purpose. The Lady impatient of his long stay took a Pen and Ink and some Paper which she found upon the Table, and had just made an End of her Letter, when hearing a Noise of more than one coming up Stairs, she concluded his Friend had found him, and that her Letter would be to no purpose, so tore it in pieces, which she repented, when turning about, she found her Mistake, and beheld *Don Fabio* and the Marquess of *Viterbo* just entring at the Door. She gave a Shriek at the Surprize of their Appearance, which much troubled the Old Gentlemen, and made them retire in Confusion for putting a Gentlewoman into such a Fright. The Marquess thinking they had been misinformed, or had mistaken the Lodgings, came forward again, and made an Apology to the Lady for their Errour; but she making no reply, walk'd directly by him down Stairs

and

and went into her Coath, which hurried her away as speedily as the Horses were able to draw.

The Duke were at a loss what to think, when, *Hippolito* coming into the Room to give the Lady an Account of his Errant, was no less astonished to find she was departed, and had left Two Old Signiors in her stead. He knew *Don Fabio*'s Face, for *Aurelian* had shewn him his Father at the Tilting; but being confident he was not known to him, he ventur'd to ask him concerning a Lady whom just now he had left in that Chamber. *Don Fabio* told him, she was just gone down, and doubted they had been Guilty of a Mistake, in coming to enquire for a Couple of Gentlemen whom they were informed were Lodged in that House; he begg'd his Pardon if he had any Relation to that Lady, and desired to know if he could give them any Account of the Persons they sought for. *Hippolito* made answer, He was a Stranger in the Place, and only a Servant to that Lady whom they

they had disturb'd, and whom he must go and seek out. And in this Perplexity he left them, going again in Search of *Aurelian*, to inform him of what had passed.

The Old Gentlemen at last meeting with a Servant of the House, were directed to Signior *Claudio*'s Chamber, where they were no sooner entered but *Aurelian* came into the House. A Servant who had skulk'd for him by *Hippolito*'s Order, followed him up into the Chamber, and told him who was with *Claudio* then making Enquiry for him. He thought that to be no Place for him, since *Claudio* must needs discover all the Truth to his Father; wherefore he left Directions with the Servant, where *Hippolito* should meet him in the Morning. As he was going out of the Room he espied the torn Paper, which the Lady had thrown upon the Floor: The first piece he took up had *Incognita* written upon it; the sight of which so Alarum'd him, he scarce knew what he was about; but hearing

ing

ing a Noise of a Door opening over Head, with as much Care as was consistent with the haste he was then in, he gathered up the scattered pieces of Paper, and betook himself to a Ramble.

Coming by a Light which hung at the Corner of a Street, he join'd the torn Papers and collected thus much, that his *Incognita* had Written the Note, and earnestly desired him (if there were any reality in what he pretended to her) to meet her at Twelve a Clock that Night at a Convent Gate; but unluckily the Bit of Paper which should have mentioned what Convent, was broken off and lost.

Here was a large Subject for *Aurelian*'s Passion, which he did not spare to pour forth in Abundance of Curses on his Stars. So earnest was he in the Contemplation of his Misfortunes, that he walk'd on unwittingly; till at length a Silence (and such as was only to be found in that part of the Town, whither his unguided Steps had

had carried him) surpriz'd his Attention? I say, a profound Silence rouzed him from his Thought; and a clap of Thunder could have done no more.

Now because it is possible this at some time or other may happen to be read by some Malicious or Ignorant Person, (no Reflection upon the present Reader) who will not admit, or does not understand that Silence should make a Man start; and have the same Effect, in provoking his Attention, with its opposite Noise; I will illustrate this Matter, to such a diminutive Critick, by a Parallel Instance of Light; which though it does chiefly entertain the Eyes, and is indeed the prime Object of the Sight, yet should it immediately cease, to have a Man left in the Dark by a suddain deficiency of it, would make him stare with his Eyes, and though he could not see, endeavour to look about him. Why just thus did it fare with our Adventurer; who seeming to have wandred both into the Dominions of Silence

and

and of Night, began to have some tender for his own Safety, and would willingly have groped his Way back again; when he heard a Voice, as from a Person whose Breath had been stopp'd by some forcible Oppression, and just then, by a violent Effort, was broke through the Restraint.

'Yet —— Yet ——, (again reply'd the Voice, still struggling for Air;) 'Forbear —— and I'll forgive what's 'past —— I have done nothing yet 'that needs a Pardon, (says another) 'and what is to come, will admit of 'none.

Here the Person who seemed to be the Oppressed, made several Attempts to speak, but they were only inarticulate Sounds, being all interrupted and choaked in their Passage.

Aurelius was sufficiently astonish'd, and would have crept nearer to the Place whence he guessed the Voice to come; but he was got among the Ruines of an Old Monastery, and could not stir so silently, but some loose Stones he met with made a rumbling

bling. The Noise alarm'd both Parties; and as it gave Comfort to the one, it so Terrified the t'other, that he could not hinder the Oppressed from calling for help. *Aurelian* fancy'd it was a Womans Voice, and immediately drawing his Sword, demanded what was the Matter; he was answered with the Appearance of a Man, who had opened a Dark Lanthorn which he had by him, and came toward him with a Pistol in his Hand ready cock'd.

Aurelian seeing the irresistable advantage his Adversary had over him, would fain have retired; and, by the greatest Providence in the World, going backwards fell down over some loose Stones that lay in his Way, just in that Instant of Time when the Villain fired his Pistol, who seeing him fall, concluded he had Shot him. The Crys of the afflicted Person were redoubled at the Tragical Sight, which made the Murderer, drawing a Poniard, to threaten him, that the next Murmur should be his last. *Aurelian*

relian, who was scarce assured that he was unhurt, got softly up, and coming near enough to perceive the Violence that was used to stop the Injured Man's Mouth, (for now he saw plainly it was a Man) cry'd out, —— Turn, Villain, and look upon thy Death. —— The Fellow amazed at the Voice, turn'd about to have snatch'd up the Lanthorn from the Ground; either to have given Light only to himself, or to have put out the Candle, that he might have made his Escape; but which of the Two he designed, no Body could tell but himself: And if the Reader have a Curiosity to know, he must blame *Aurelian*; who thinking there could be no foul Play offered to such a Villain, ran him immediately through the Heart, so that he drop'd down Dead at his Feet, without speaking a Word. He would have seen who the Person was he had thus happily delivered, but the Dead Body had fallen upon the Lanthorn, which put out the Candle: However, coming up toward him, he ask'd

ask'd him how he did, and bid him be of good Heart; he was answered with nothing but Prayers, Blessings and Thanks, called a Thousand Deliverers, good Genius's and Guardian Angels. And the Rescued would certainly have gone upon his Knees to have worshipped him, had he not been bound Hand and Foot; which *Aurelian* understanding, groped for the Knots, and either untied them or cut them asunder; but 'tis more probable the latter, because more expeditious.

They took little heed what became of the Body which they left behind them, and *Aurelian* was conducted from out the Ruins by the Hand of him he had delivered. By a faint light issuing from the just rising Moon, he could discern that it was a Youth; but coming into a more frequented part of the Town, where several Lights were hung out, he was amaz'd at the extream Beauty which appeared in his Face, though a little pale and disordered with his late fright. *Aure-*

lian

lian longed to hear the Story of so odd an adventure, and entreated his Charge to tell it him by the way; but he desired him to forbear till they were come into some House or other, where he might rest and recover his tired Spirits, for yet he was so faint he was unable to look up. *Aurelian* thought these last words were delivered in a Voice, whose accent was not new to him. That thought made him look earnestly in the Youth's Face, which he now was sure he had somewhere seen before, and thereupon asked him if he had never been at *Siena*? That Question made the young Gentleman look up, and something of a Joy appeared in his Countenance, which yet he endeavoured to smother; so praying *Aurelian* to conduct him to his Lodging, he promised him that as soon as they should come thither, he would acquaint him with any thing he desired to know. *Aurelian* would rather have gone any where else than to his own Lodging; but being so very late he was

at

at a loss, and so forced to be contented.

As soon as they were come into his Chamber, and that Lights were brought them and the Servant dismissed, the paleness which so visibly before had usurped the sweet Countenance of the afflicted Youth vanished, and gave place to a more lively Flood of Crimson, which with a modest heat glow'd freshly on his Cheeks. *Aurelian* waited with a pleasing Admiration the discovery promised him, when the Youth still struggling with his Resolution, with a timorous haste, pulled off a Peruke which had concealed the most beautiful abundance of Hair that ever graced one Female Head; those dishevelled spreading Tresses, as at first they made a discovery of, so at last they served for a veil to the modest lovely blushes of the fair *Incognita*; for she it was and none other. But Oh! the inexpressible, inconceivable joy and amazement of *Aurelian*! As soon as he durst venture to think, he concluded it to be

all

all Vision, and never doubted so much of any thing in his Life as of his being then awake. But she taking him by the Hand, and desiring him to sit down by her, partly convinced him of the reality of her presence.

'This is the second time, *Don Hippolito*, (said she to him) that I have 'been here this Night. What the 'occasion was of my seeking you out, 'and how by miracle you preserved 'me, would add too much to the surprize I perceive you to be already in 'should I tell you; Nor will I make 'any further discovery, till I know 'what censure you pass upon the confidence which I have put in you, and 'the strange Circumstances in which 'you find me at this time. I am sensible 'they are such, that I shall not blame 'your severest Conjectures; but I 'hope to convince you, when you shall 'hear what I have to say in justificati'on of my Vertue.

Justification! (cry'd *Aurelian*) what Infidel dares doubt it! Then kneeling down, and taking her Hand,

'Ah

'Ah Madam (says he) would Heaven would no other ways look upon, 'than I behold your Perfections—— 'Wrong not your Creature with a 'Thought, he can be guilty of that 'horrid Impiety as once to doubt your 'Vertue.—— Heavens! (cry'd he, starting up) 'am I so really blessed to 'see you once again! May I trust my 'Sight?—— Or does my fancy now 'only more strongly work?—— 'For still I did preserve your Image 'in my Heart, and you were ever pre-'sent to my deareſt Thoughts.——

'Enough *Hippolito*, enough of 'Rapture (said she) you cannot much 'accuse me of Ingratitude; for you 'see I have not been unmindful of 'you; but moderate your Joy till I 'have told you my Condition, and 'if for my sake you are raised to this 'Delight, it is not of a long conti-'nuance.——

At that (as *Aurelian* tells the Story) a Sigh diffused a mournful sweetness through the Air, and liquid grief fell gently from her Eyes, tri-

umphant sadness sat upon her Brow, and even Sorrow seem'd delighted with the Conquest he had made. See what a change *Aurelian* felt! His Heart bled Tears, and trembled in his Breast; Sighs struggling for a vent had choaked each others passage up: His Floods of Joys were all suppress't; cold doubts and fears had chill'd 'em with a sudden Frost, and he was troubled to excess; yet knew not why. Well, the Learned say it was Sympathy; and I am always of the Opinion with the Learned, if they speak first.

After a World of Condoleance had passed between them, he prevailed with her to tell him her Story. So having put all her Sighs into one great Sigh, she discharged her self of 'em all at once, and formed the Relation you are just about to Read.

'Having been in my Infancy Con-'tracted to a Man I could never en-'dure, and now by my Parents being 'likely to be forced to Marry him, is 'in short, the great occasion of my 'grief. I fansy'd (continued she)

'some-

'ſomething ſo Generous in your Coun-
'tenance, and uncommon in your Be-
'haviour, while you were diverting
'your ſelf, and rallying me with Ex-
'preſſions of Gallantry, at the Ball,
'as induced me to hold Conference
'with you. I now freely confeſs to
'you, out of deſign, That if things
'ſhould happen as I then feared, and
'as now they are come to paſs, I
'might rely upon your aſſiſtance in
'a matter of Concern; and in which
'I would ſooner chuſe to depend up-
'on a generous Stranger, than any
'Acquaintance I have. What Mirth
'and Freedom I then put on, were, I
'can aſſure you, far diſtant from my
'Heart; but I did violence to my ſelf
'out of Complaiſance to your Tem-
'per. —— I knew you at the Tilting,
'and wiſhed you might come off as
'you did; though I do not doubt,
'but you would have had as good Suc-
'ceſs had it been oppoſite to my Incli-
'nations. Not to detain you by too te-
'dious a Relation, every day my Friends
'urged me to the Match they had

'agreed upon for me, before I was
'capable of Consenting; at last their
'importunities grew to that de-
'gree, that I found I must either con-
'sent, which would make me misera-
'ble, or be miserable by perpetually
'enduring to be baited by my Father,
'Brother and other Relations. I resol-
'ved yesterday, on a suddain, to give
'firm Faith to the Opinion I had con-
'ceived of you; and accordingly came
'in the Evening to request your as-
'sistance, in delivering me from my
'Tormentors, by a safe and private
'conveyance of me to a Monastry a-
'bout four Leagues hence, where I
'have an Aunt who would receive me,
'and is the only Relation I have averse
'to the Match. I was surprized at
'the appearance of some Company I
'did not expect at your Lodgings;
'which made me in haste tear a Pa-
'per which I had written to you with
'Directions where to find me, and get
'speedily away in my Coach to an old
'Servant's House, whom I acquainted
'with my purpose: By my Order she

'provided

'provided me of this Habit which I 'now wear; I ventured to truſt my 'ſelf with her Brother, and reſolved 'to go under his Conduct to the Mo-'naſtery; he proved to be a Villain, 'and pretending to take me a ſhort 'and private way to the place where 'he was to take up a Hackney Coach '(for that which I came in was broke 'ſome where or other, with the haſte it 'made to carry me from your Lodg-'ing) led me into an old ruined Mo-'naſtery, where it pleaſed Heaven, by 'what Accident I know not, to di-'rect you. I need not tell you how 'you ſaved my Life and my Honour, 'by revenging me with the Death of 'my Perfidious Guide. This is the 'ſumm of my preſent Condition, 'bating the apprehenſions I am in of 'being taken by ſome of my Relations, 'and forced to a thing ſo quite contra-'ry to my Inclinations.

Aurelian was confounded at the Relation ſhe had made, and began to fear his own Eſtate to be more deſperate than ever he had imagined. He

made her a very Passionate and Eloquent Speech in behalf of himself (much better than I intend to insert here) and expressed a mighty concern that she should look upon his ardent Affection to be only Raillery or Gallantry. He was very free of his Oaths to confirm the Truth of what he pretended, nor I believe did she doubt it, or at least was unwilling so to do. For I would Caution the Reader by the bye, not to believe every word which she told him, nor that admirable sorrow which she counterfeited to be accurately true. It was indeed truth so cunningly intermingled with Fiction, that it required no less Wit and Presence of Mind than she was endowed with so to acquit her self on the suddain. She had entrusted her self indeed with a Fellow who proved a Villain, to conduct her to a Monastery; but one which was in the Town, and where she intended only to lie concealed for his sake; as the Reader shall underderstand ere long: For we have another

other Discovery to make to him, if he have not found it out of himself already.

After *Aurelian* had said what he was able upon the Subject in hand, with a mournful tone and dejected look, he demanded his Doom. She asked him if he would endeavour to convey her to the Monastery she had told him of? 'Your commands, Madam, (replied he) 'are Sacred to me; and 'were they to lay down my life I 'would obey them. With that he would have gone out of the Room, to have given order for his Horses to be got ready immediately; but with a Countenance so full of sorrow as moved Compassion in the tender hearted *Incognita*. 'Stay a little *Don Hippolito* (said she.) I fear I shall not be able to 'undergo the Fatigue of a Journey 'this Night. —— Stay and give me 'your Advice how I shall conceal my 'my self if I continue to morrow in 'this Town. *Aurelian* could have satisfied her she was not then in a place to avoid discovery: But he

must also have told her then the reason of it, *viz.* whom he was, and who were in quest of him, which he did not think convenient to declare till necessity should urge him; for he feared least her knowledge of those designs which were in agitation between him and *Juliana*, might deter her more from giving her consent. At last he resolved to try his utmost perswasions to gain her, and told her accordingly, he was afraid he would be disturbed there in the Morning, and he knew no other way (if she had not as great an aversion for him as the Man whom she now endeavour'd to avoid) than by making him happy to make her self secure. He demonstrated to her, that the disobligation to her Parents would be greater by going to a Monastery, since it was only to avoid a choice which they had made for her, and which she could not have so just a pretence to do till she had made one for her self.

A World of other Arguments he us'd, which she contradicted as long as she was able, or at least willing. At last she told him, she would consult her Pillow, and in the Morning conclude what was fit to be done. He thought it convenient to leave her to her rest, and having lock'd her up in his Room, went himself to repose upon a Pallat by Signior *Claudio*.

In the mean time, it may be convenient to enquire what became of *Hippolito*. He had wandered much in pursuit of *Aurelian*, though *Leonora* equally took up his Thoughts; He was reflecting upon the oddness and extravagance of his Circumstances, the Continuation of which had doubtless created in him a great uneasiness, when it was interrupted with the noise of opening the Gates of the Convent of St. *Laurence*, whither he was arrived sooner than he thought for, being the place *Aurelian* had appointed by the Lacquey to meet him in. He wondered to see the Gates opened at so unseasonable an hour, and went

to enquire the reason of it from them who were employ'd; but they proved to be Novices, and made him signs to go in, where he might meet with some body allow'd to answer him. He found the Religious Men all up, and Tapers lighting every where: at last he follow'd a Friar who was going into the Garden, and asking him the cause of these Preparations, he was answered, That they were entreated to pray for the Soul of a Cavalier, who was just departing or departed this Life, and whom upon farther talk with him, he found to be the same *Lorenzo* so often mentioned. *Don Mario*, it seems Uncle to *Lorenzo* and Father to *Leonora*, had a private Door out of the Garden belonging to his House into that of the Convent, which Door this Father was now a going to open, that he and his Family might come and offer up their Oraisons for the Soul of their Kinsman. *Hippolito* having informed himself of as much as he could ask without suspicion, took his leave of the Friar,

not a little joyful at the Hopes he had by such unexpected Means, of seeing his Beautiful *Leonora*: As soon as he was got at convenient Distance from the Friar, (who 'tis like thought he had return'd into the Convent to his Devotion) he turned back through a close Walk which led him with a little Compass, to the same private Door, where just before he had left the Friar, who now he saw was gone, and the Door open.

He went into *Don Mario*'s Garden, and walk'd round with much Caution and Circumspection, for the Moon was then about to rise, and had already diffused a glimmering Light, sufficient to distinguish a Man from a Tree. By Computation now (which is a very remarkable Circumstance) *Hippolito* entred this Garden near upon the same Instant, when *Angelina* wandred into the Old Monastery and found his *Incognita* in Distress. He was pretty well acquainted with the Platform, and Sight of the Garden, for he had formerly surveyed the Out-

side,

side, and knew what part to make to if he should be surpriz'd and driven to a precipitate Escape. He took his Stand behind a well-grown Bush of Myrtle, which, should the Moon shine brighter than was required, had the Advantage to be shaded by the Indulgent Boughs of an ancient Bay-Tree. He was delighted with the Choice he had made, for he found a Hallow in the Myrtle, as if purposely contriv'd for the Reception of one Person, who might undiscovered perceive all about him. He looked upon it as a good Omen, that the Tree Consecrated to *Venus* was so propitious to him in his Amorous Distress. The Consideration of that, together with the Obligation he lay under to the Muses, for sheltering him also with so large a Crown of Bays, had like to have set him a Rhyming.

He was, to tell the Truth, naturally addicted to *Madrigal*, and we should undoubtedly have had a small desert of Numbers to have pick'd and Criticiz'd upon, had he not been

been interrupted just upon his Delivery, nay, after the Preliminary Sigh had made Way for his Utterance. But, so was his Fortune, *Don Mario* was coming towards the Door at that very nick of Time, where he met with a Priest, just out of Breath, who told him that *Lorenzo* was just breathing his last, and desired to know if he would come and take his final Leave before they were to administer the Extream Unction. *Don Mario*, who had been at some Difference with his Nephew, now thought it his Duty to be reconciled to him; so calling to *Leonora*, who was coming after him, he bid her go to her Devotions in the Chappel, and told her where he was going.

He went on with the Priest, while *Hippolito* saw *Leonora* come forward, only accompanied by her Woman. She was in an undress, and by reason of a Melancholy visible in her Face, more Careless than usual in her Attire, which he thought added as much

much as was possible to the abundance of her Charms. He had not much Time to Contemplate this Beauteous Vision, for she soon passed into the Garden of the Convent, leaving him Confounded with Love, Admiration, Joy, Hope, Fear, and all the Train of Passions, which seize upon Men in his Condition, all at once. He was so teazed with this Variety of Torment, that he never missed the Two Hours that had slipped away during his Automachy and Intestine Conflict. *Leonora*'s Return settled his Spirits, at least united them, and he had now no other Thought but how he should present himself before her. When she calling her Woman, bid her bolt the Garden Door on the Inside, that she might not be Surpriz'd by her Father, if he returned through the Convent; which done, she ordered her to bring down her Lute, and leave her to her self in the Garden.

All

All this *Hippolito* saw and heard to his inexpressible Content, yet had he much to do to smother his Joy, and hinder it from taking a Vent, which would have ruined the only Opportunity of his Life. *Leonora* withdrew into an Arbour so near him, that he could distinctly hear her if she Played or Sung: Having tuned her Lute, with a Voice soft as the Breath of Angels, she sung to it this following Air:

I.

Ah! Whither, whither shall I fly,
A poor unhappy Maid;
To hopeless Love and Misery
By my own Heart betray'd?
Not by Alexis *Eyes undone,*
Nor by his Charming Faithless Tongue,
Or any Practis'd Art;
Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
But the sad Pains which I endure
Proceed from fansied Smart.

II. *'Twas*

II.

'Twas Fancy gave Alexis *Charms,*
Ere I beheld his Face;
Kind Fancy (then) could fold our Arms,
And form a soft Embrace.
But since I've seen the real Swain,
And try'd to fancy him again,
I'm by my Fancy taught,
Though 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell,
To have Alexis, *yet 'tis Hell*
To have him but in Thought.

The Song ended grieved *Hippolito* that it was so soon ended; and in the Ecstacy he was then rapt, I believe he would have been satisfied to have expired with it. He could not help Flattering himself, (though at the same Time he checked his own Vanity) that he was the Person meant in the Song. While he was indulging which thought, to his happy Astonishment, he heard it encouraged by these Words:

'Un-

'Unhappy *Leonora* (said she) how 'is thy poor unwary Heart misled? 'Whither am I come? The false de-'luding Lights of an imaginary Flame, 'have led me, a poor benighted Vi-'ctim, to a real Fire. I burn and 'am consumed with hopeless Love; 'those Beams in whose soft temperate 'warmth I wanton'd heretofore, now 'flash destruction to my Soul, my 'Treacherous greedy Eyes have suck'd 'the glaring Light; they have united 'all its Rays, and, like a burning-'Glass, convey'd the pointed Meteor 'to my Heart —— Ah! *Aurelian*, 'how quickly hast thou Conquer'd, 'and how quickly must thou For-'sake. —— Oh Happy (to me un-'fortunately Happy) *Juliana*! —— 'I am to be the Subject of thy Tri-'umph —— To thee *Aurelian* comes 'laden with the Tribute of my Heart 'and Glories in the Oblation of his 'broken Vows. —— What then, is '*Aurelian* False! —— False! alass, I 'know not what I say; How can he 'be False, or True, or any Thing to 'me?

'me? What Promiſes did he ere make
'or I receive? Sure I dream, or I
'am mad, and fanſie it to be Love;
'Foolish Girl, recal thy baniſh'd
'Reaſon. — Ah! would it were no
'more, would I could rave, ſure that
'would give me Eaſe, and rob me of
'the Senſe of Pain; at leaſt, among
'my wandring Thoughts, I ſhould at
'ſometime light upon *Aurelian*, and
'fanſie him to be mine; kind Mad-
'neſs would flatter my poor feeble
'Wiſhes, and ſometimes tell me *Au-*
'*relian* is not loſt —— not irre-
'coverably —— not for ever
'loſt.

Hippolito could hear no more, he had not Room for half his Tranſport. When *Leonora* perceived a Man coming toward her, ſhe fell a trembling, and could not ſpeak. *Hippolito* approached with Reverence, as to a Sacred Shrine: when coming near enough to ſee her Conſternation, he fell upon his Knees.

'Behold

'Behold, O Adored *Leonora* (said he) 'your ravished *Aurelian*, behold 'at your Feet the Happiest of Men, 'be not disturb'd at my Appearance, 'but think that Heaven conducted 'me to hear my Bliss pronounced by 'that dear Mouth alone, whose breath 'could fill me with new Life.

Here he would have come nearer, but *Leonora* (scarce come to her self) was getting up in haste to have gone away: he catch'd her Hand, and with all the Endearments of Love and Transport pressed her stay; she was a long time in great Confusion, at last, with many Blushes, she entreated him to let her go where she might hide her Guilty Head, and not expose her shame before his Eyes, since his Ears had been sufficient Witnesses of her Crime. He begg'd pardon for his Treachery in over-hearing, and confessed it to be a Crime he had now repeated. With a Thousand Submissions, Entreaties, Prayers, Praises, Blessings, and passionate Expressions he wrought upon her to stay and hear him. Here

Hippolito

Hippolito made use of his Rhetorick, and it proved prevailing: 'Twere tedious to tell the many ingenious Arguments he used, with all her Nice Distinctions and Objections. In short, he convinced her of his Passion, represented to her the necessity they were under, of being speedy in their Resolves: That his Father (for still he was *Aurelian*) would undoubtedly find him in the Morning, and then it would be too late to Repent. She on the other Hand, knew it was in vain to deny a Passion, which he had heard her so frankly own; (and no doubt was very glad it was past and done;) besides apprehending the danger of delay, and having some little Jealousies and Fears of what Effect might be produced between the Commands of his Father and the Beauties of *Juliana*; after some decent Denials, she consented to be Conducted by him through the Garden into the Convent, where she would prevail with her Confessor to Marry them. He was a scrupulous Old Father whom they

they had to deal withal, insomuch that ere they had perswaded him, *Don Mario* was returned by the Way of his own House, where missing his Daughter, and her Woman not being able to give any farther Account of her, than that she left her in the Garden; he concluded she was gone again to her Devotions, and indeed he found her in the Chappel upon her Knees with *Hippolito* in her Hand, receiving the Father's Benediction upon Conclusion of the Ceremony.

It would have asked a very skilful Hand, to have depicted to the Life the Faces of those Three Persons, at *Don Mario*'s Appearance. He that has seen some admirable Piece of Transmutation by a Gorgon's Head, may form to himself the most probable Idea of the Prototype. The Old Gentleman was himself in a sort of a Wood, to find his Daughter with a Young Fellow and a Priest, but as yet he did not know the Worst, till *Hippolito* and *Leonora* came, and kneeling

at

at his Feet, begg'd his Forgiveneſs and Bleſſing as his Son and Daughter. *Don Mario*, inſtead of that, fell into a moſt violent Paſſion, and would undoubtedly have committed ſome extravagant Action, had he not been reſtrained, more by the Sanctity of the Place, than the Perſwaſions of all the Religious, who were now come about him. *Leonora* ſtirr'd not off her Knees all this time, but continued begging of him that he would hear her.

'Ah! Ungrateful and Undutiful 'Wretch (cry'd he) how haſt thou 'requited all my Care and Tenderneſs 'of thee? Now when I might have 'expected ſome return of Comfort, 'to throw thy ſelf away upon an un'know Perſon, and, for ought I 'know, a Villain; to me I'm ſure he 'is a Villain, who has robb'd me of 'my Treaſure, my Darling Joy, and 'all the future Happineſs of my Life 'prevented. Go —— go, thou now-'to-be-forgotten *Leonora*, go and en'joy thy unproſperous Choice; you

'who

who wanted not a Father's Counsel, cannot need, or else will slight his Blessing.

These last Words were spoken with so much Passion and feeling Concern, that *Leonora*, moved with Excess of Grief, fainted at his Feet, just as she had caught hold to Embrace his Knees. The Old Man would have shook her off, but Compassion and Fatherly Affection came upon him in the midst of his Resolve, and melted him into Tears; he Embraced his Daughter in his Arms, and wept over her, while they endeavoured to restore her Senses.

Hippolito was in such Concern he could not speak, but was busily employed in rubbing and chafing her Temples; when she opening her Eyes laid hold of his Arm, and cry'd out —— *Oh my* Aurelian —— *how unhappy have you made me!* With that she had again like to have fainted away, but he shook her in his Arms, and begg'd *Don Mario* to have some pity on his Daughter, since by his Severity

she was reduced to that Condition. The Old Man hearing his Daughter name *Aurelian*, was a little revived, and began to hope Things were in a pretty good Condition, he was perswaded to comfort her; and having brought her wholly to her self, was content to hear her Excuse, and in a little time was so far wrought upon as to beg *Hippolito*'s Pardon for the Ill Opinion he had conceived of him, and not long after gave his Consent.

The Night was spent in this Conflict, and it was now clear Day, when *Don Mario* Conducting his new Son and Daughter through the Garden, was met by some Servants of the Marquess of *Viterbo*, who had been enquiring for *Donna Leonora*, to know if *Juliana* had lately been with her; for that she was missing from her Father's House, and no conjectures could be made of what might become of her. *Don Mario* and *Leonora* were surprized at the Newes, for he knew well enough of the Match that was design'd for *Juliana*; and having enquired where the Marquess

Marquess was, it was told him, That he was gone with *Don Fabio* and *Fabritio* toward *Aurelian*'s Lodgings. *Don Mario* having assured the Servants that *Juliana* had not been there, dismissed them, and advised with his Son and Daughter how they should undeceive the Marquess and *Don Fabio* in their Expectations of *Aurelian*. *Hippolito* could oftentimes scarce forbear smiling at the old Man's Contrivances who was most deceived himself; he at length advised them to go all down together to his Lodging, where he would present himself before his Father, and ingeniously confess to him the truth, and he did not question his approving of his Choice.

This was agreed to, and the Coach made ready. While they were upon their way, *Hippolito* pray'd heartily that his Friend *Aurelian* might be at the Lodging, to satisfie *Don Mario* and *Leonora* of his Circumstances and Quality, when he should be obliged to discover himself. His Petitions were granted; for *Don Fabio* had beset the

House long before his Son was up or *Incognita* awake.

Upon the arrival of *Don Mario* and *Hippolito*, they heard a great Noise and Hubbub above Stairs, which *Don Mario* concluded was occasioned by their not finding *Aurelian*, whom he thought he could give the best account of: So that it was not in *Hippolito*'s power to dissuade him from going up before to prepare his Father to receive and forgive him. While *Hippolito* and *Leonora* were left in the Coach at the Door, he made himself known to her, and begg'd her pardon a thousand times for continuing the deceit. She was under some concern at first to find she was still mistaken; but his Behaviour, and the Reasons he gave, soon reconciled him to her; his Person was altogether as agreeable, his Estate and Quality not at all inferiour to *Aurelian*'s; in the mean time, the true *Aurelian* who had seen his Father, begg'd leave of him to withdraw for a moment; in which time he went into the Chamber where his *Incognita* was dressing her

self

ſelf, by his deſign, in Woman's Apparel, while he was conſulting with her how they ſhould break the matter to his Father; it happened that *Don Mario* came up Stairs where the Marqueſs and *Don Fabio* were; they undoubtedly concluded him Mad, to hear him making Apologies and Excuſes for *Aurelian*, whom he told them if they would promiſe to forgive he would preſent before them immediately. The Marqueſs asked him if his Daughter had lain with *Leonora* that Night; he anſwered him with another queſtion in behalf of *Aurelian*. In ſhort, they could not underſtand one another, but each thought 'tother beſide himſelf. *Don Mario* was ſo concern'd that they would not believe him, that he ran down Stairs and came to the Door out of Breath, deſiring *Hippolito* that he would come into the Houſe quickly, for that he could not perſwade his Father but that he had already ſeen and ſpoke to him. *Hippolito* by that underſtood that *Aurelian* was in the Houſe; ſo

taking *Leonora* by the Hand, he followed *Don Mario*, who led him up into the Dining-Room, where they found *Aurelian* upon his Knees, begging his Father to forgive him, that he could not agree to the Choice he had made for him, since he had already disposed of himself, and that before he understood the designs he had for him, which was the reason that he had hitherto concealed himself. *Don Fabio* knew not how to answer him, but look'd upon the Marquess, and the Marquess upon him, as if the Cement had been cool'd which was to have united their Families.

All was silent, and *Don Mario* for his part took it to be all Conjuration; he was coming forward to present *Hippolito* to them, when *Aurelian* spying his Friend, started from his Knees and ran to embrace him —— My dear *Hippolito* (said he) what happy chance has brought you hither, just at my Necessity? *Hippolito* pointed to *Don Mario* and *Leonora*, and told him upon what terms he

he came. *Don Mario* was ready to run mad, hearing him called *Hippolito*, and went again to examine his Daughter. While she was informing him of the truth, the Marquess's Servants returned with the melancholy News that his Daughter was no where to be found. While the Marquess and *Don Fabritio* were wondering at, and lamenting the Misfortune of her loss, *Hippolito* came towards *Don Fabio* and interceded for his Son, since the Lady perhaps had withdrawn her self out of an Aversion to the Match. *Don Fabio*, though very much incens'd, yet forgot not the Respect due to *Hippolito*'s Quality; and by his perswasion spoke to *Aurelian*, though with a stern Look and angry Voice, and asked him where he had disposed the cause of his Disobedience, if he were worthy to see her or no; *Aurelian* made answer, That he desired no more than for him to see her; and he did not doubt a Consequence of his Approbation and Forgiveness —— Well (said *Don Fabio*) you are very con-

conceited of your own Diſcretion, let us ſee this Rarety. While *Aurelian* was gone in for *Incognita*, the Marqueſs of *Viterbo* and *Don Fabritio* were taking their leaves in great diſorder for their loſs and diſappointment; but *Don Fabio* entreated their ſtay a moment longer till the return of his Son. *Aurelian* led *Incognita* into the Room veil'd, who ſeeing ſome Company there which he had not told her of, would have gone back again. But *Don Fabio* came bluntly forwards, and ere ſhe was aware, lifted up her Veil and beheld the Fair *Incognita*, differing nothing from *Juliana*, but in her Name. This diſcovery was ſo extreamly ſurprizing and welcome, that either Joy or Amazement had tied up the Tongues of the whole Company. *Aurelian* here was moſt at a loſs, for he knew not of his Happineſs; and that which all along prevented *Juliana*'s confeſſing her ſelf to him, was her knowing *Hippolito* (for whom ſhe took him) to be *Aurelian*'s Friend, and ſhe feared if he had known her,

that

that he would never have consented to have deprived him of her. *Juliana* was the first that spoke, falling upon her Knees to her Father, who was not enough himself to take her up. *Don Fabio* ran to her, and awakened the Marquess, who then embraced her, but could not yet speak. *Fabritio* and *Leonora* strove who should first take her in their Arms; for *Aurelian* he was out of his wits for Joy, and *Juliana* was not much behind him, to see how happily their Loves and Duties were reconciled. *Don Fabio* embraced his Son and forgave him: The Marquess and *Fabritio* gave *Juliana* into his hands, he received the Blessing upon his Knees; all were over-joy'd, and *Don Mario* not a little proud at the discovery of his Son-in-Law, whom *Aurelian* did not fail to set forth with all the ardent Zeal and Eloquence of Friendship. *Juliana* and *Leonora* had pleasant Discourse about their unknown and mistaken Rivalship, and it was the Subject of a great deal of Mirth to hear *Juliana* relate

relate the several Contrivances which she had to avoid *Aurelian* for the sake of *Hippolito*.

Having diverted themselves with many Remarks upon the pleasing surprize, they all thought it proper to attend upon the Great Duke that Morning at the Palace, and to acquaint him with the Novelty of what had pass'd; while, by the way, the two Young Couple entertained the Company with the Relation of several Particulars of their Three Days Adventures.

FINIS.